

*Fantaco*

**WARNING:**  
Contains disturbing material  
and is not intended for children!

# GORE<sup>TM</sup> SHRIEK

\$2.50 No.2  
Volume 2





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# **GORE<sup>TM</sup> SHRIEK**

**VOLUME TWO**

**ISSUE NUMBER TWO**

**Cover.....Bruce Spaulding Fuller**

**Inside Front Cover.....Chas. Balun**

**Next Page.....Gurchain Singh**

**The Body Snatchers.....Robert Louis Stevenson  
adapted by Eric Stanway**

**I Bite Your Butt / I Gulp Your Guts.....Chas. Balun**

**Gore and Remembrance.....Anthony Timpone**

**Will You Still Love Me When I'm Gone?  
Gurchain Singh**

**Out Of Sight, Out Of Mind.....Gurchain Singh  
Lettering by Mary Kelleher**

**Crudeater.....Mike Dubisch**

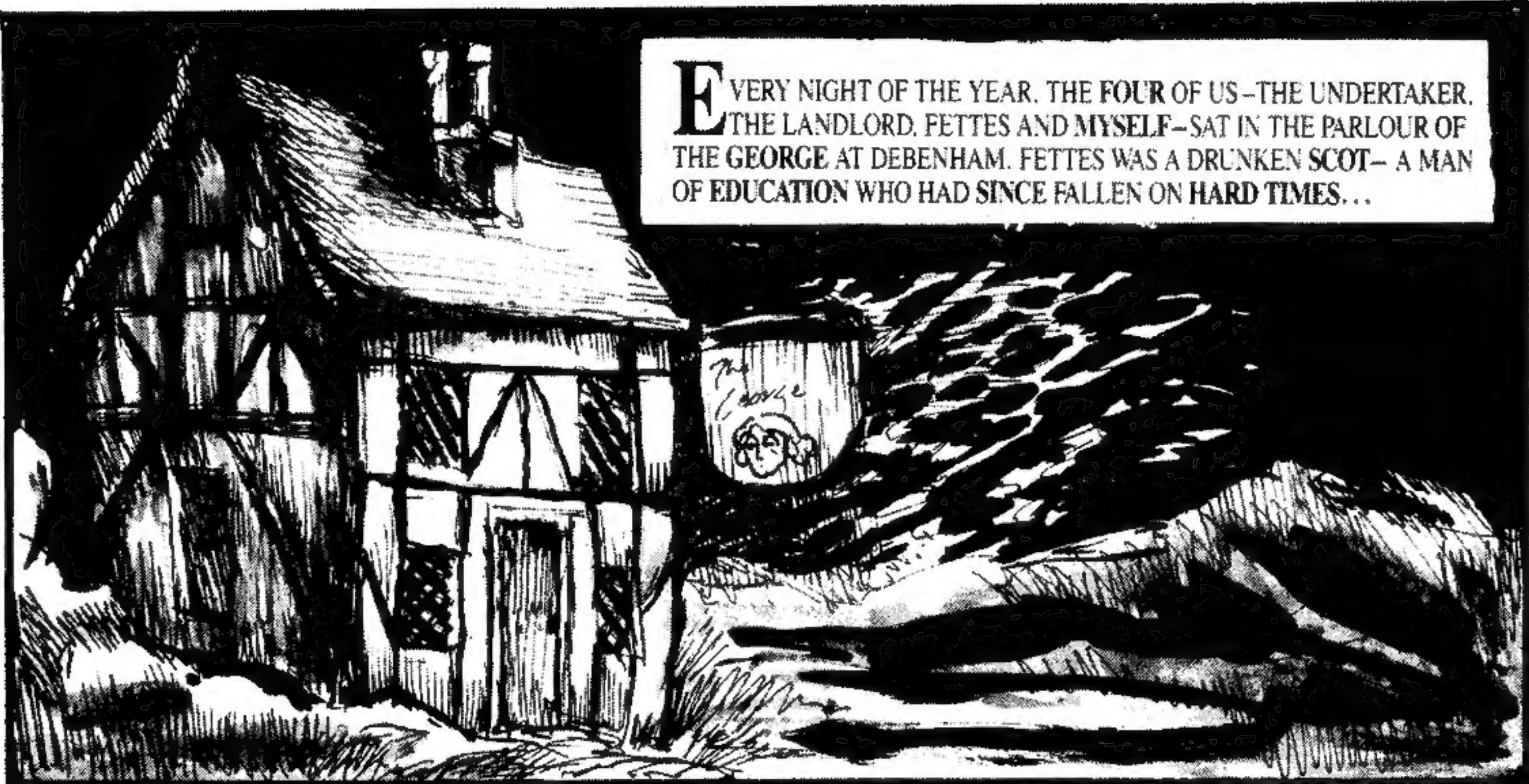
**Caught.....Gurchain Singh  
Lettering by Mary Kelleher**

**Typography by Hank Jansen**









EVERY NIGHT OF THE YEAR, THE FOUR OF US—THE UNDERTAKER, THE LANDLORD, FETTES AND MYSELF—SAT IN THE PARLOUR OF THE GEORGE AT DEBENHAM. FETTES WAS A DRUNKEN SCOT— A MAN OF EDUCATION WHO HAD SINCE FALLEN ON HARD TIMES...

ON THIS PARTICULAR NIGHT, A GREAT MAN HAD BEEN STRUCK DOWN BY APOPLEXY ON HIS WAY TO PARLIAMENT, AND HIS GREATER DOCTOR HAD BEEN SENT FOR.



WELL, HE'S ON HIS WAY—MAN BY THE NAME OF MACFARLANE.

THE NAME SEEMED TO AWAKEN FETTES FROM HIS STUPOR...

YES! MACFARLANE! GOOD GOD, MAN! CALM DOWN! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?



MACFARLANE? DID YOU SAY MACFARLANE?



MACFARLANE... AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... I MUST MEET HIM FACE TO FACE...

WELL, YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CHANCE...

...HE'S HERE NOW.

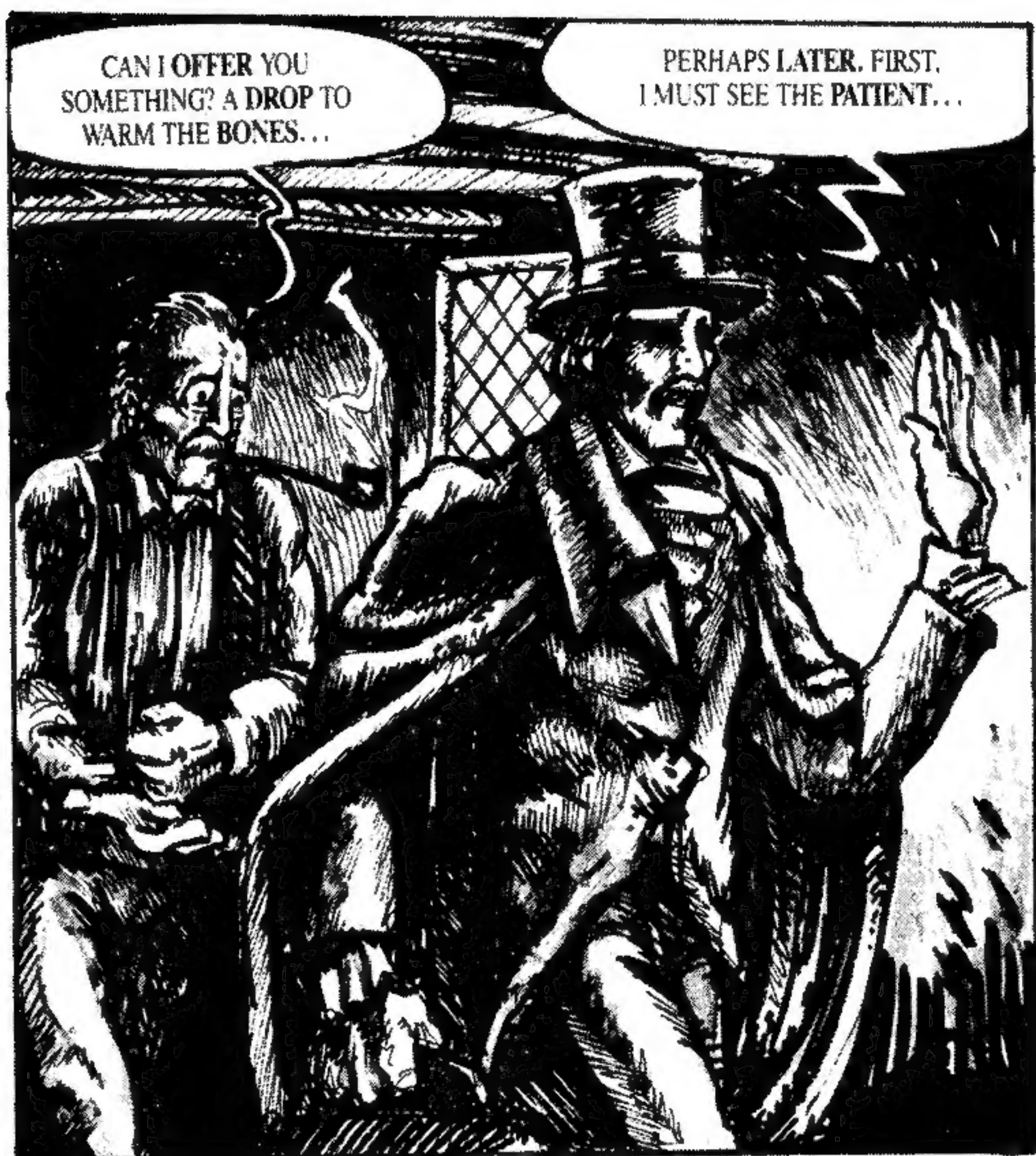


# THE BODY SNATCHER

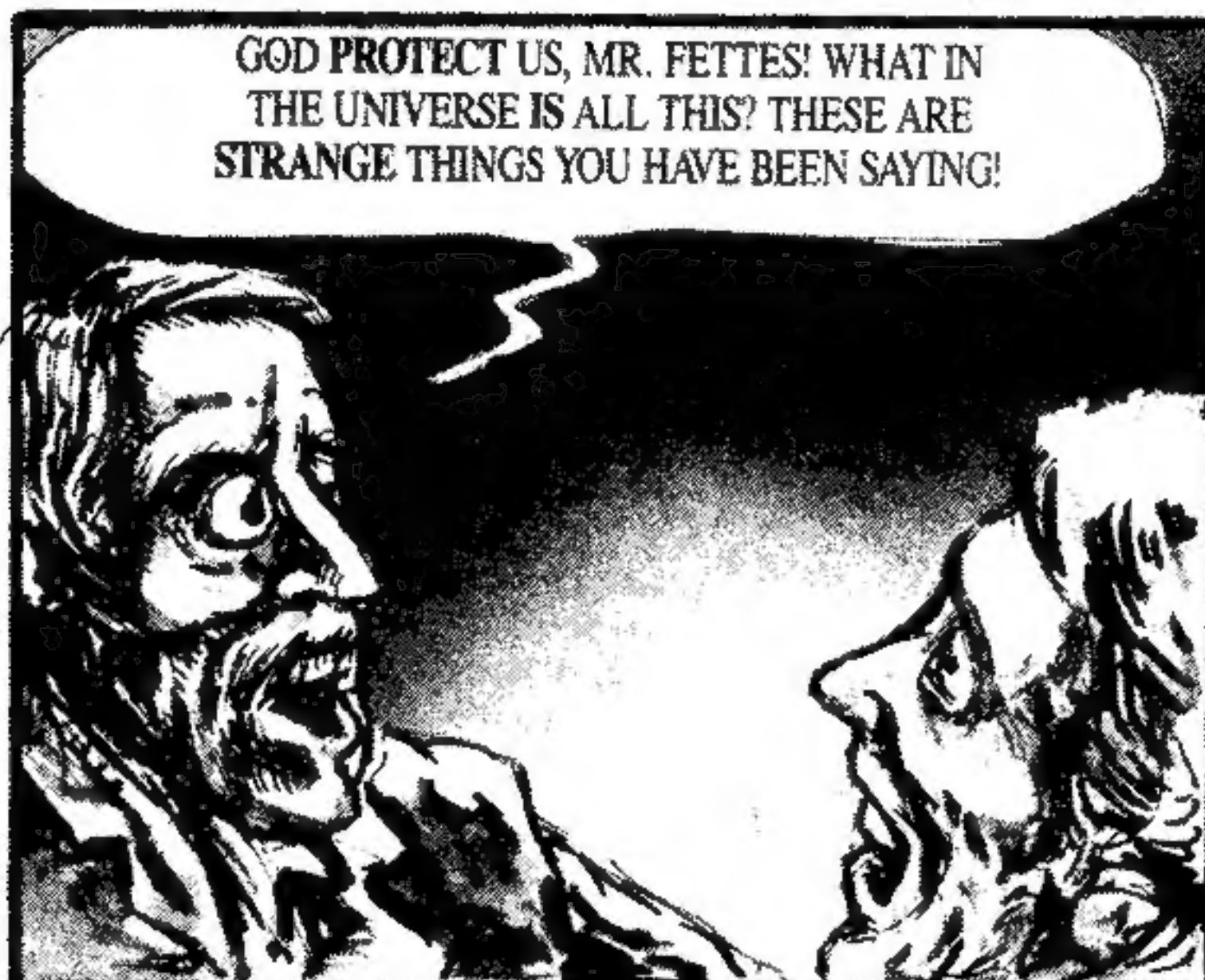
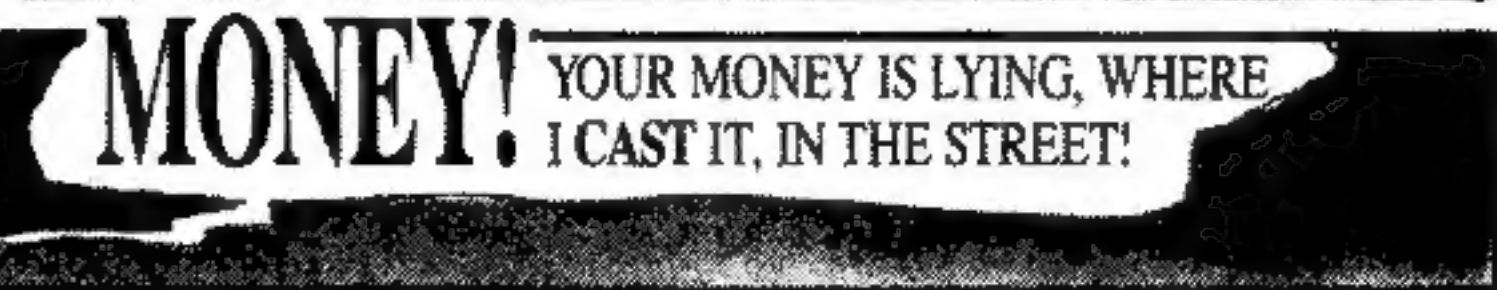
By Robert Louis Stevenson

• Adapted & Illustrated by Eric Stanway









IT ALL BEGAN WHEN I WAS A STUDENT... AT THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH...



**I** WAS NEVER A PARTICULARLY GOOD PUPIL -- NO STOMACH FOR HOMEWORK -- BUT I WAS ATTENTIVE IN CLASS.



**I** N THIS WAY, I MANAGED TO GAIN THE FAVOR OF A CERTAIN PROFESSOR K --. HE TOOK ME INTO HIS CONFIDENCE, AND IT WAS THROUGH HIS INFLUENCE THAT I BECAME AN INTERN IN THE DISSECTING ROOMS.



**F**OR MANY A NIGHT THEREAFTER, I WOULD BE AWOKEN FROM A DEEP SLUMBER BY AN INSISTENT KNOCKING...



... WHICH COMPELLED ME TO GO DOWNSTAIRS BY CANDLELIGHT...



... THERE TO ENCOUNTER SOME UNCLEAN INTERLOPERS WITH THEIR GRISLY CARGO...



... AND -- GOD HELP ME -- I WOULD PAY THEM FOR IT!



**M**ANY HOURS TOGETHER I WOULD REMAIN ALONE WITH THESE SAD RELICS OF HUMANITY, BEFORE CATCHING ANOTHER HOUR OR TWO OF SLUMBER...



**A**T LENGTH, I BECAME INSENSIBLE OF INTEREST IN THE FATE OF OTHERS. I BECAME COLD, SELFISH, JUSTIFYING MY ACTIONS IN THE MOST CALLOUS OF TERMS.





**M**Y NEWFOUND LACK OF CONSCIENCE SOON FOUND ITS TEST, AS ONE NIGHT, I WATCHED THE GHOULS STRIP THEIR CARGO, WHILE INFLECTED WITH A MONSTROUS TOOTHACHE...



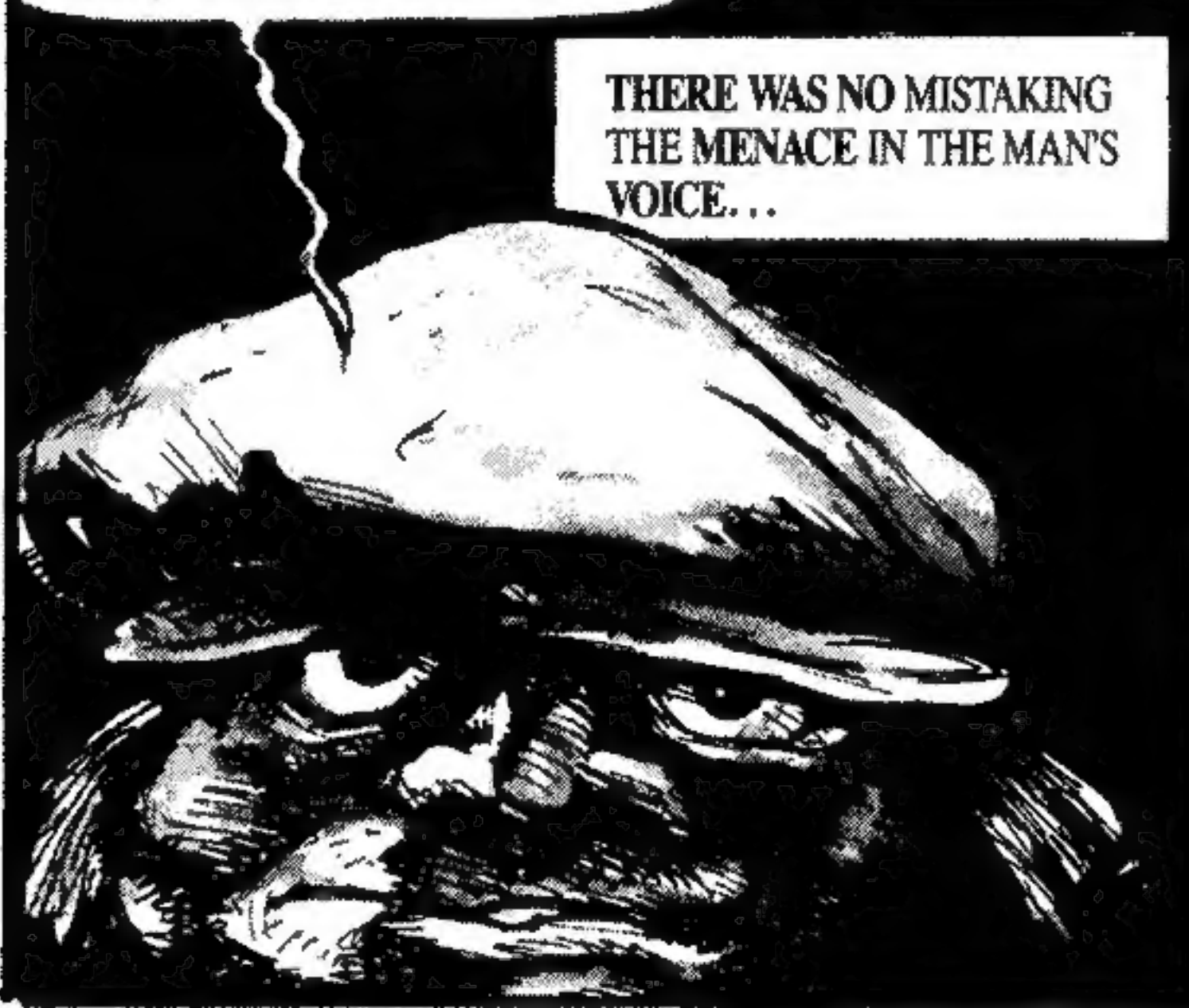
...AND FOUND, TO MY IMMENSE HORROR, THAT I RECOGNIZED THE BODY.

GOD ALMIGHTY! THIS IS JANE GALBRAITH! BUT SHE WAS ALIVE BUT AN HOUR AGO!



SURELY, YE ARE MISTAKEN, SIR! BETTER, YE'D PAY US NOW, AND WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY!

THERE WAS NO MISTAKING THE MENACE IN THE MAN'S VOICE...



MY HEART FAILED ME. I PAID THEM THEIR FEE...



...AND IMMEDIATELY WENT TO SEEK THE ADVICE OF A FELLOW STUDENT.

MACFARLANE! YOU HAVE TO COME TO THE LABORATORY WITH ME! QUICKLY!



HE AGREED TO ACCOMPANY ME BACK TO THE LAB.

YES, IT DOES LOOK FISHY. THIS WOMAN DID NOT COME BY HER DEATH EASILY.

BUT...WHAT SHALL I DO?

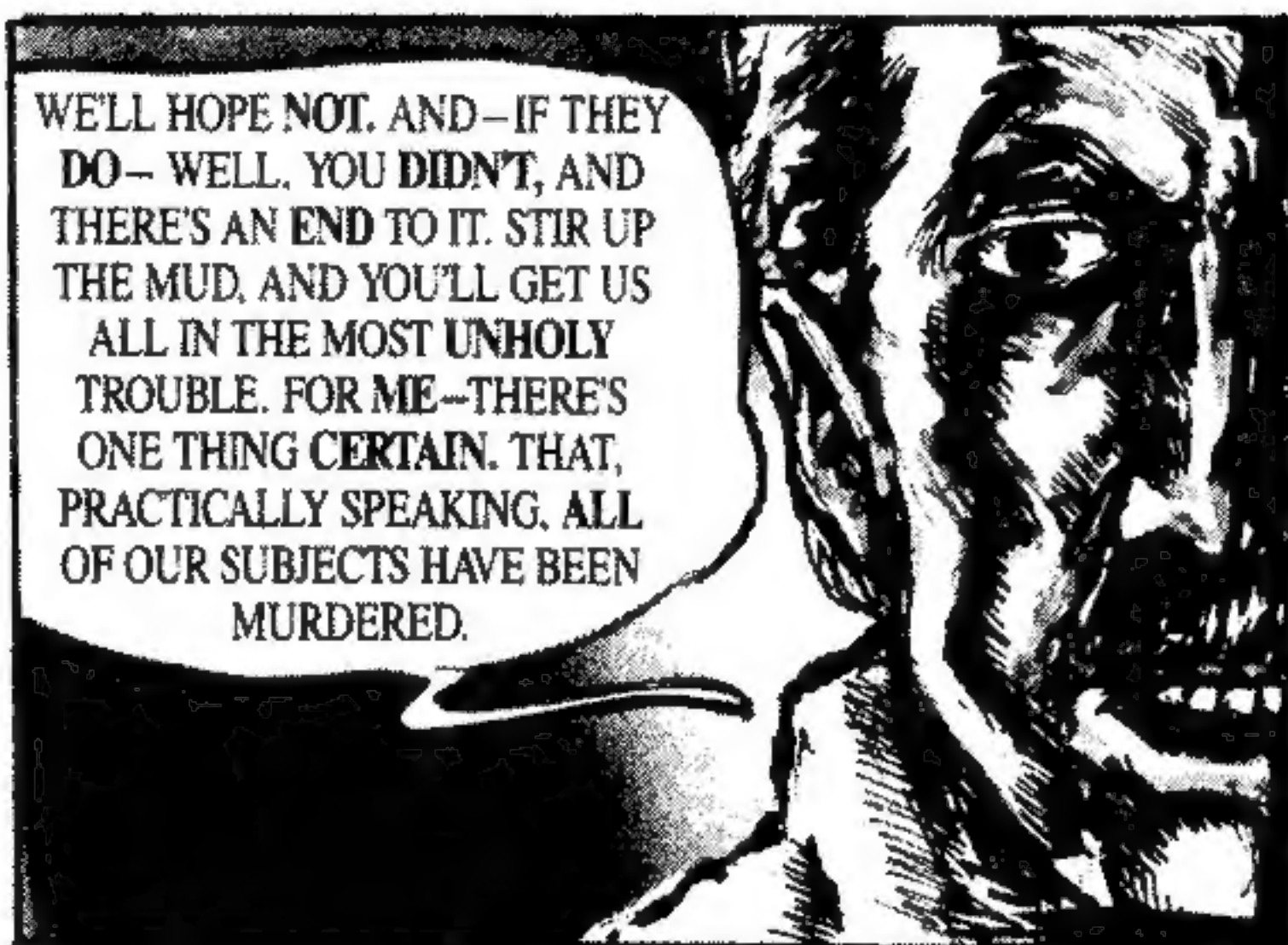




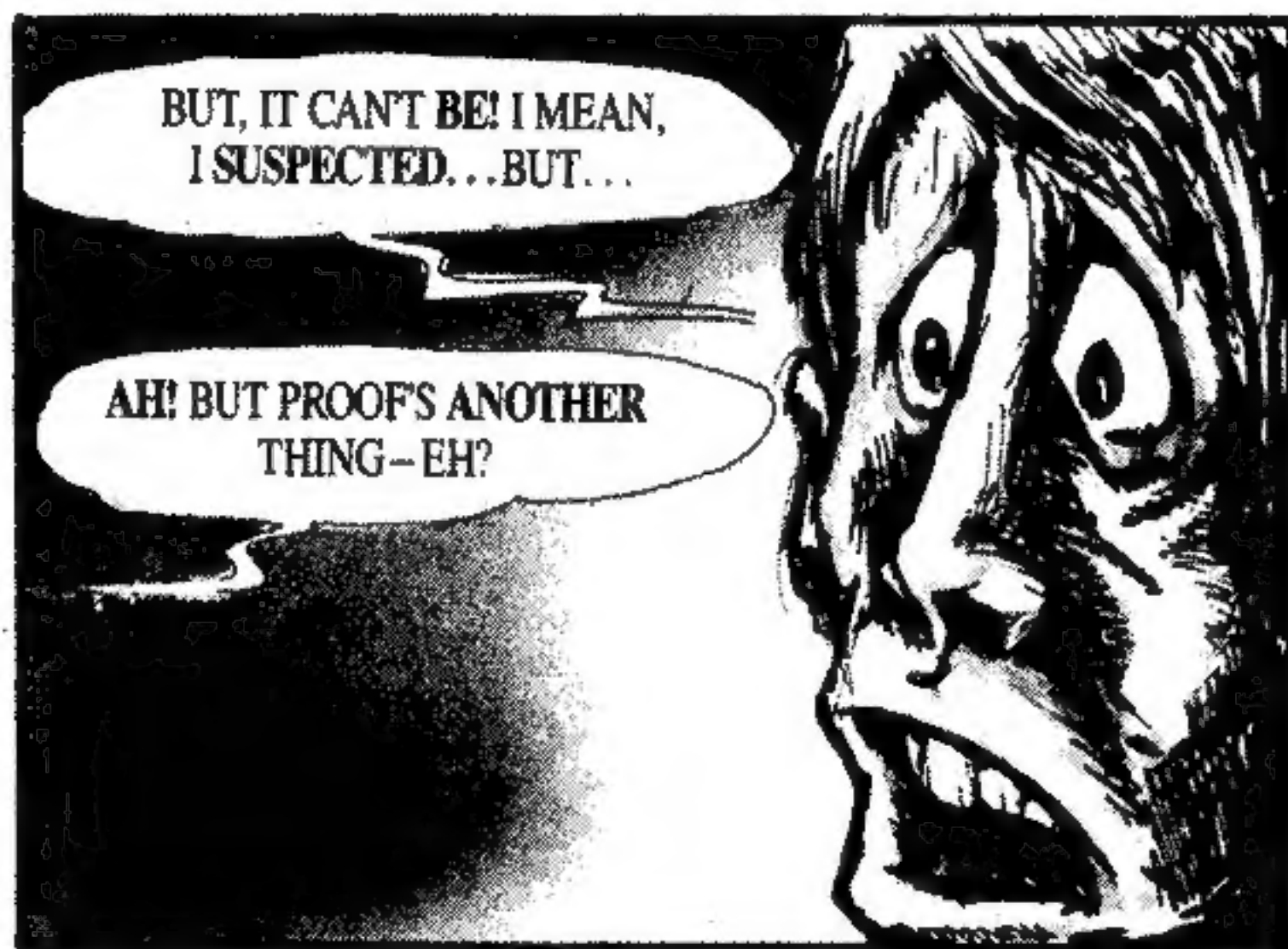


DO? WHY SHOULD YOU WANT TO DO ANYTHING? LESS SAID. SOONEST MENDED, I SHOULD SAY.

BUT... SHE WAS WELL KNOWN ABOUT HERE. SOMEONE ELSE MIGHT RECOGNIZE HER.



WE'LL HOPE NOT. AND—IF THEY DO— WELL. YOU DIDN'T, AND THERE'S AN END TO IT. STIR UP THE MUD, AND YOU'LL GET US ALL IN THE MOST UNHOLY TROUBLE. FOR ME—THERE'S ONE THING CERTAIN. THAT, PRACTICALLY SPEAKING, ALL OF OUR SUBJECTS HAVE BEEN MURDERED.



BUT, IT CAN'T BE! I MEAN, I SUSPECTED...BUT...

AH! BUT PROOF'S ANOTHER THING—EH?



WELL, FOR MY PART, I CHOOSE NOT TO RECOGNIZE THIS BODY. I SUGGEST YOU DO THE SAME.



I ACCEPTED HIS ARGUMENT. THE BODY OF THE GIRL WAS DULY DISSECTED, AND NO ONE SEEMED TO RECOGNIZE HER.



ONE AFTERNOON, I STOPPED BY A POPULAR TAVERN. TO FIND MACFARLANE SEATED WITH A STRANGER— A SMALL MAN, VERY PALE AND DARK, WITH COAL-BLACK EYES...



THE MAN'S NAME WAS GRAY. HE WAS A COARSE, BRUTISH MAN, WHO NONETHELESS SEEMED TO HAVE A REMARKABLE HOLD OVER MACFARLANE. HE TOOK ME INTO HIS CONFIDENCE...

AYE, I'M A BAD FELLOW, BUT MACFARLANE—  
AH— HE'S YER MAN!



OLD "TODDY" MACFARLANE!  
WHAT TIMES WE'VE HAD.  
EH, TODDY?

Stop calling me  
that confounded  
name.



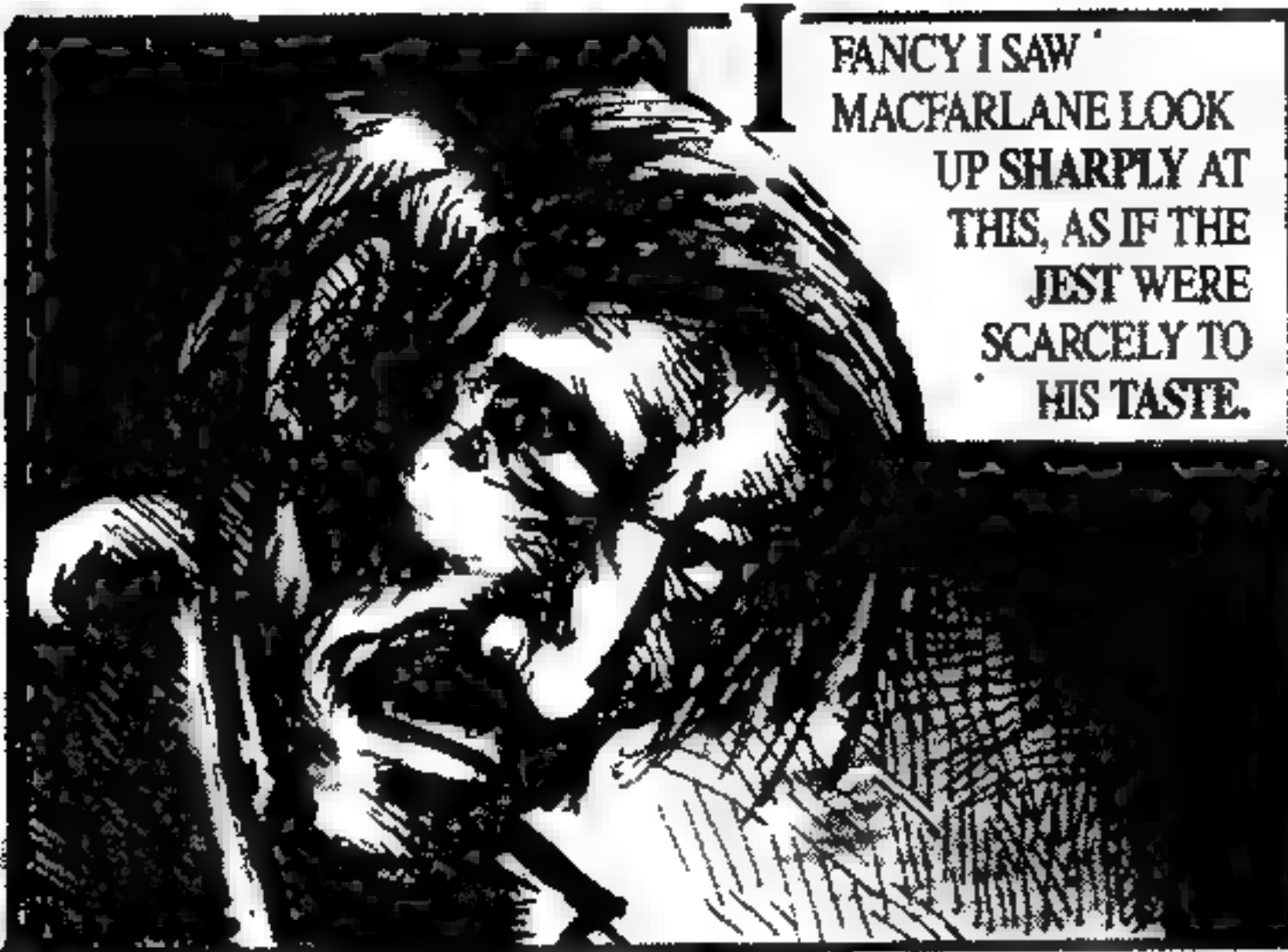
SEE THAT LOOK! EVER SEE  
THE BOYS PLAY KNIFE?  
HE'D LIKE TO DO THAT...  
ALL OVER ME BODY!



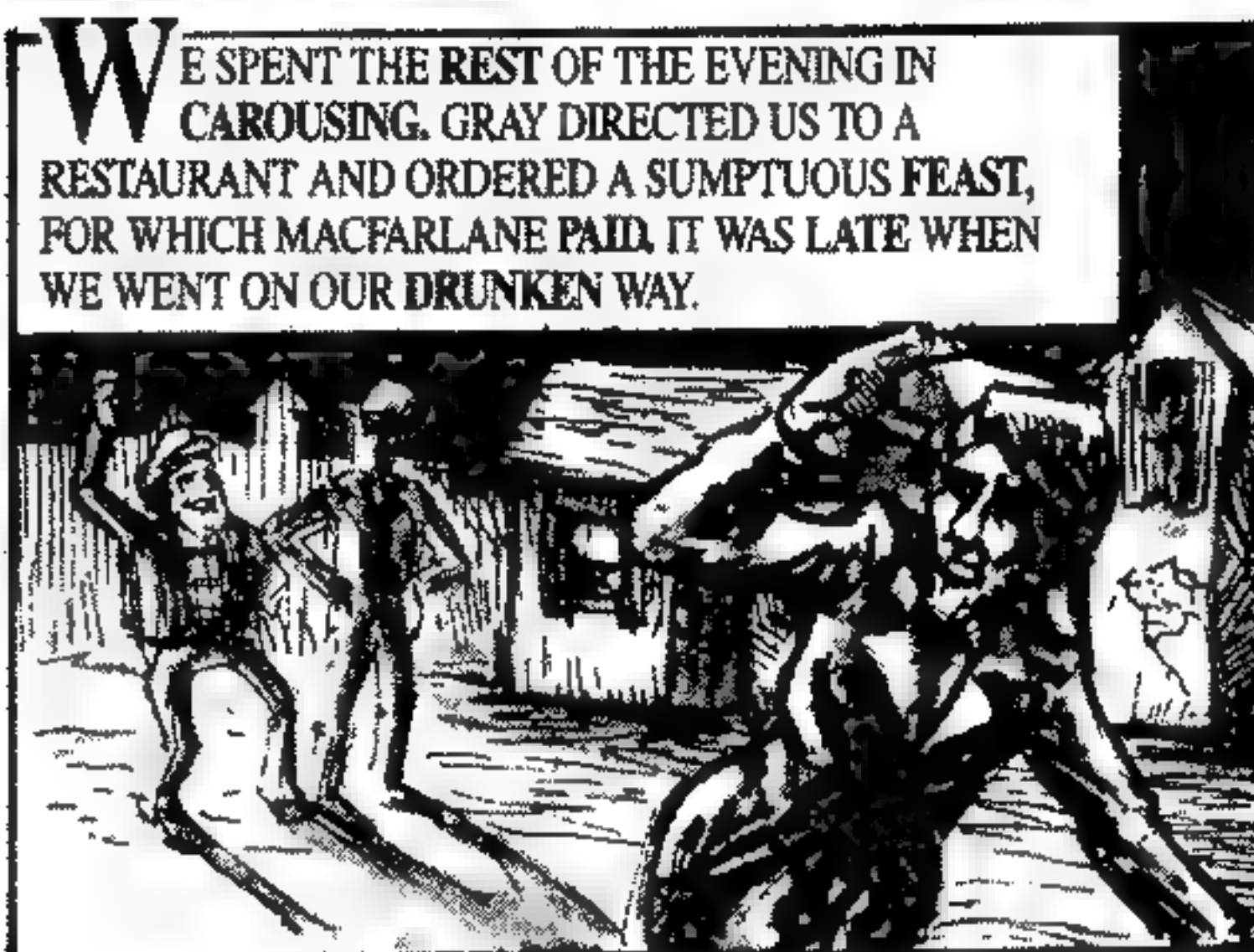
WE HAVE A BETTER WAY THAN THAT.  
WHEN WE DISLIKE A DEAD FRIEND OF  
OURS, WE DISSECT HIM!



I FANCY I SAW  
MACFARLANE LOOK  
UP SHARPLY AT  
THIS, AS IF THE  
JEST WERE  
SCARCELY TO  
HIS TASTE.



WE SPENT THE REST OF THE EVENING IN  
CAROUSING. GRAY DIRECTED US TO A  
RESTAURANT AND ORDERED A SUMPTUOUS FEAST,  
FOR WHICH MACFARLANE PAID. IT WAS LATE WHEN  
WE WENT ON OUR DRUNKEN WAY.

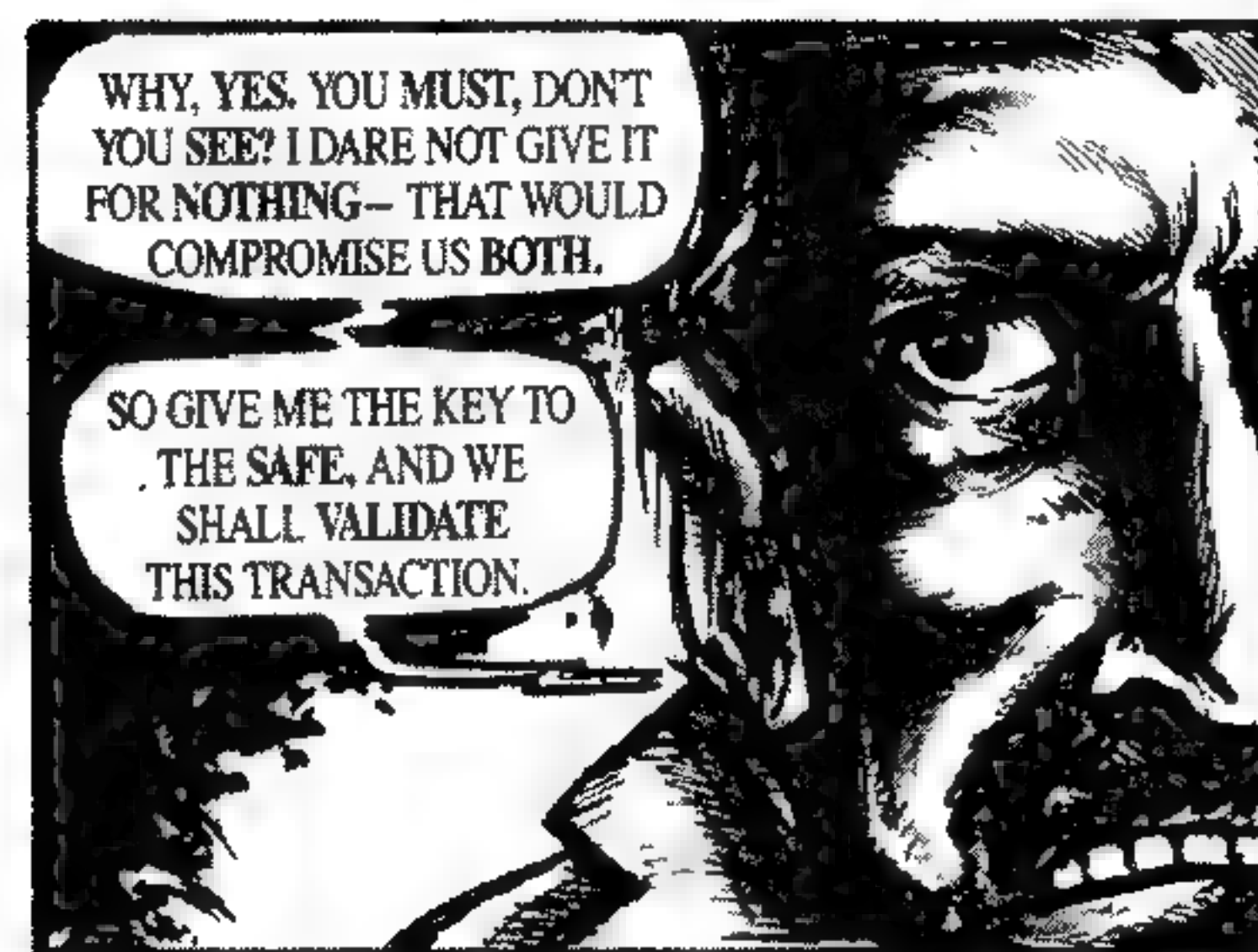
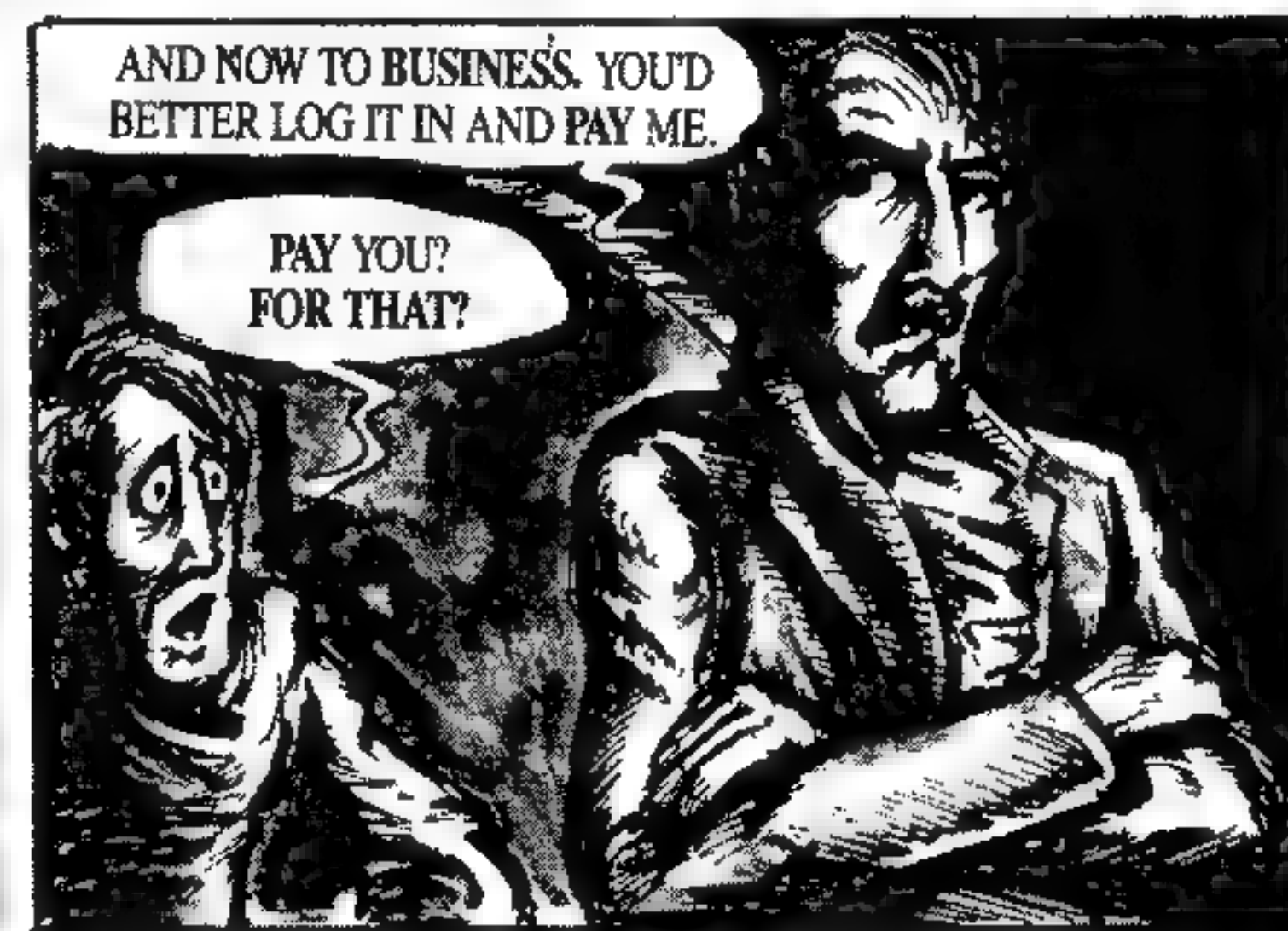


THEN AT TWO IN THE MORNING, I WAS AWOKEN BY THAT  
FAMILIAR KNOCK ON THE DOOR, AND ANSWERED IT,  
ONLY TO FIND...

MACFARLANE!  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING HERE?











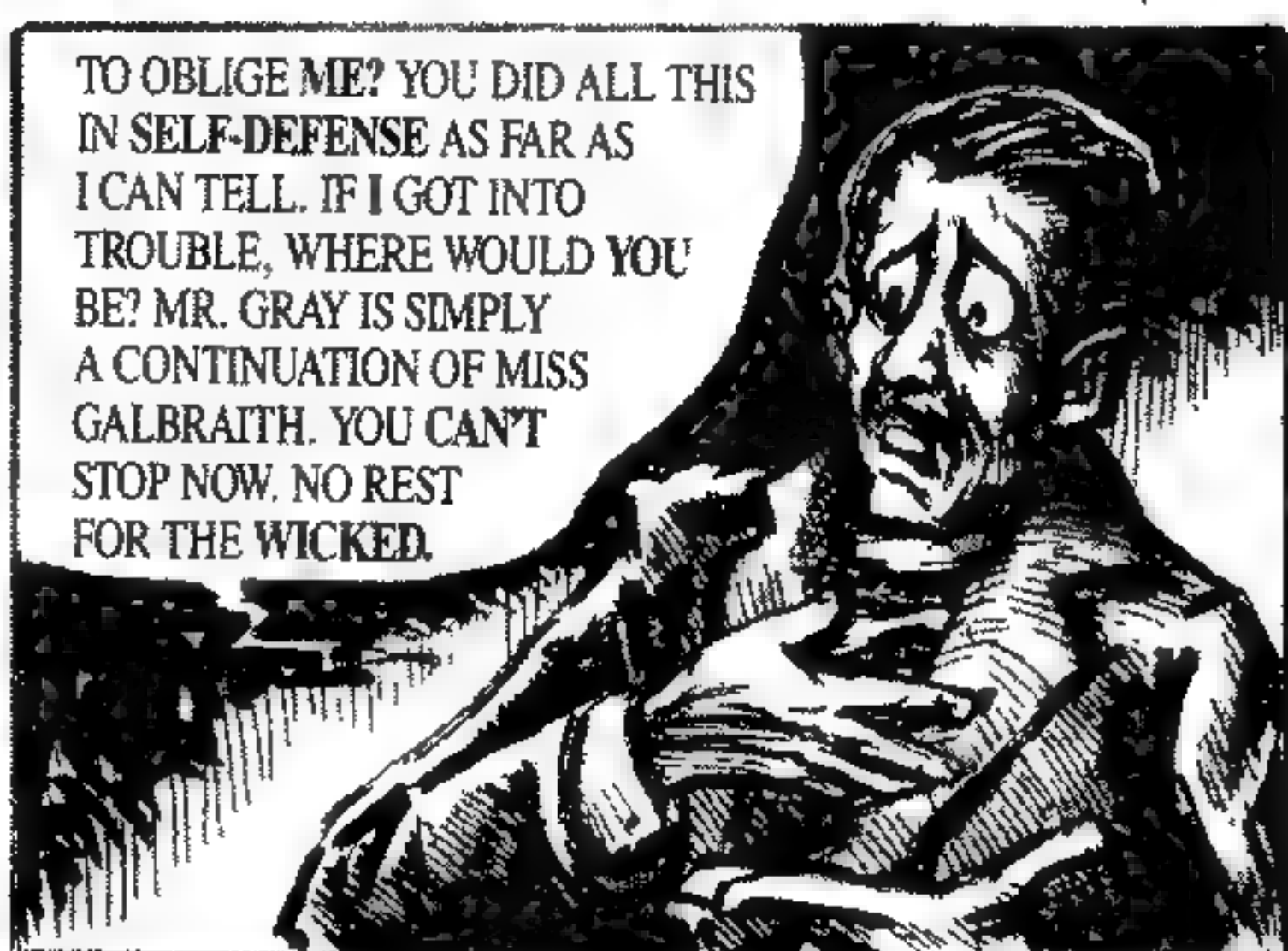
NOW, LOOK HERE. HERE IS PAYMENT MADE—THE FIRST PROOF OF YOUR GOOD FAITH: THE FIRST STEP TOWARD YOUR SECURITY.



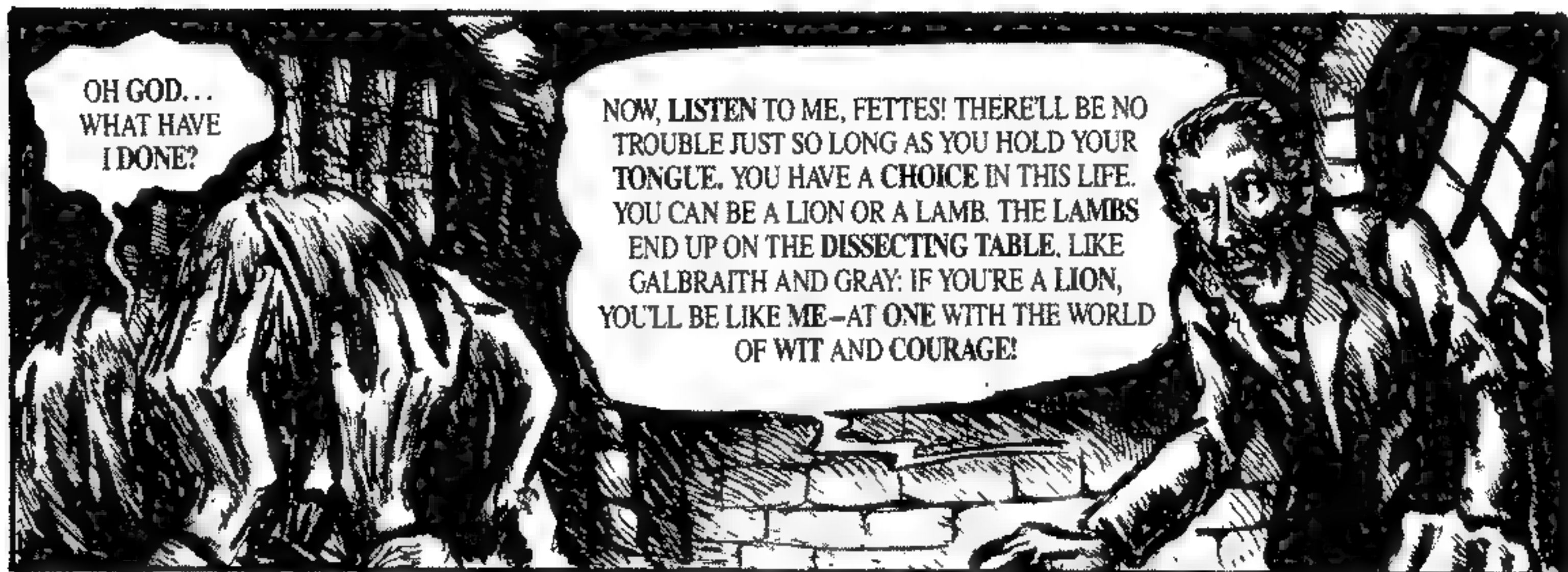
YOU HAVE NOW TO CLINCH IT WITH A SECOND. ENTER THE PAYMENT IN YOUR BOOK, AND THEN YOU, FOR YOUR PART, MAY DEFY THE DEVIL!



ALL RIGHT, THEN. BUT I AM PUTTING MY NECK IN THE NOOSE TO OBLIGE YOU!

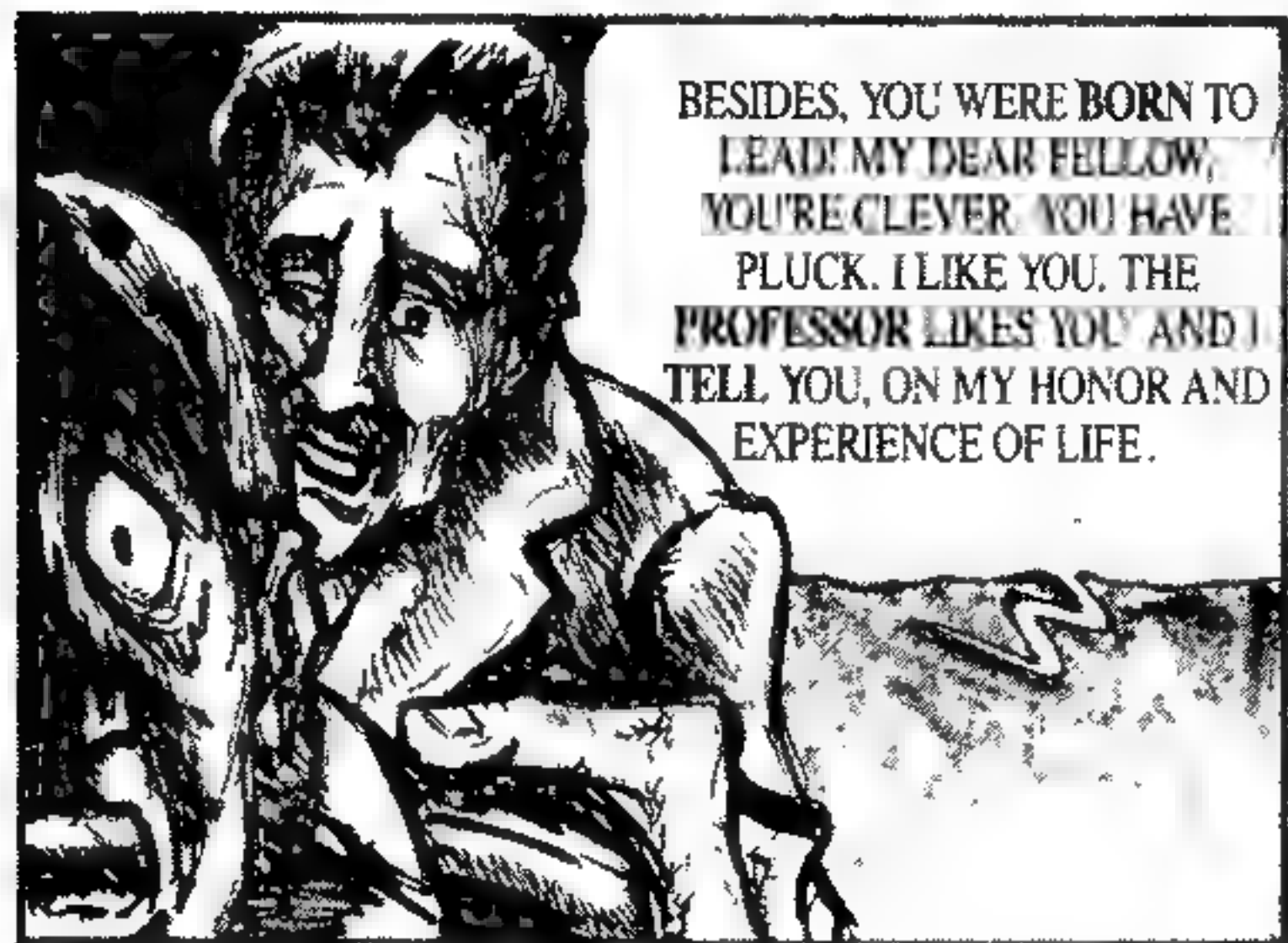


TO OBLIGE ME? YOU DID ALL THIS IN SELF-DEFENSE AS FAR AS I CAN TELL. IF I GOT INTO TROUBLE, WHERE WOULD YOU BE? MR. GRAY IS SIMPLY A CONTINUATION OF MISS GALBRAITH. YOU CAN'T STOP NOW. NO REST FOR THE WICKED.



OH GOD... WHAT HAVE I DONE?

NOW, LISTEN TO ME, FETTES! THERE'LL BE NO TROUBLE JUST SO LONG AS YOU HOLD YOUR TONGUE. YOU HAVE A CHOICE IN THIS LIFE. YOU CAN BE A LION OR A LAMB. THE LAMBS END UP ON THE DISSECTING TABLE, LIKE GALBRAITH AND GRAY. IF YOU'RE A LION, YOU'LL BE LIKE ME—AT ONE WITH THE WORLD OF WIT AND COURAGE!



BESIDES, YOU WERE BORN TO LEAD! MY DEAR FELLOW, YOU'RE CLEVER. YOU HAVE PLUCK. I LIKE YOU. THE PROFESSOR LIKES YOU AND I TELL YOU, ON MY HONOR AND EXPERIENCE OF LIFE.



... THREE DAYS FROM NOW, YOU'LL LAUGH AT THESE SCARECROWS LIKE A HIGH-SCHOOL BOY AT A FARCE!



**W**HEN MACFARLANE LEFT, AND I WAS LEFT ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS, I SAW THE FULL HORROR OF MY SITUATION. I LONGED TO BE BRAVE—BUT I WAS NOT. THE SECRET OF JANE GALBRAITH AND THAT CURSED ENTRY CLOSED MY MOUTH



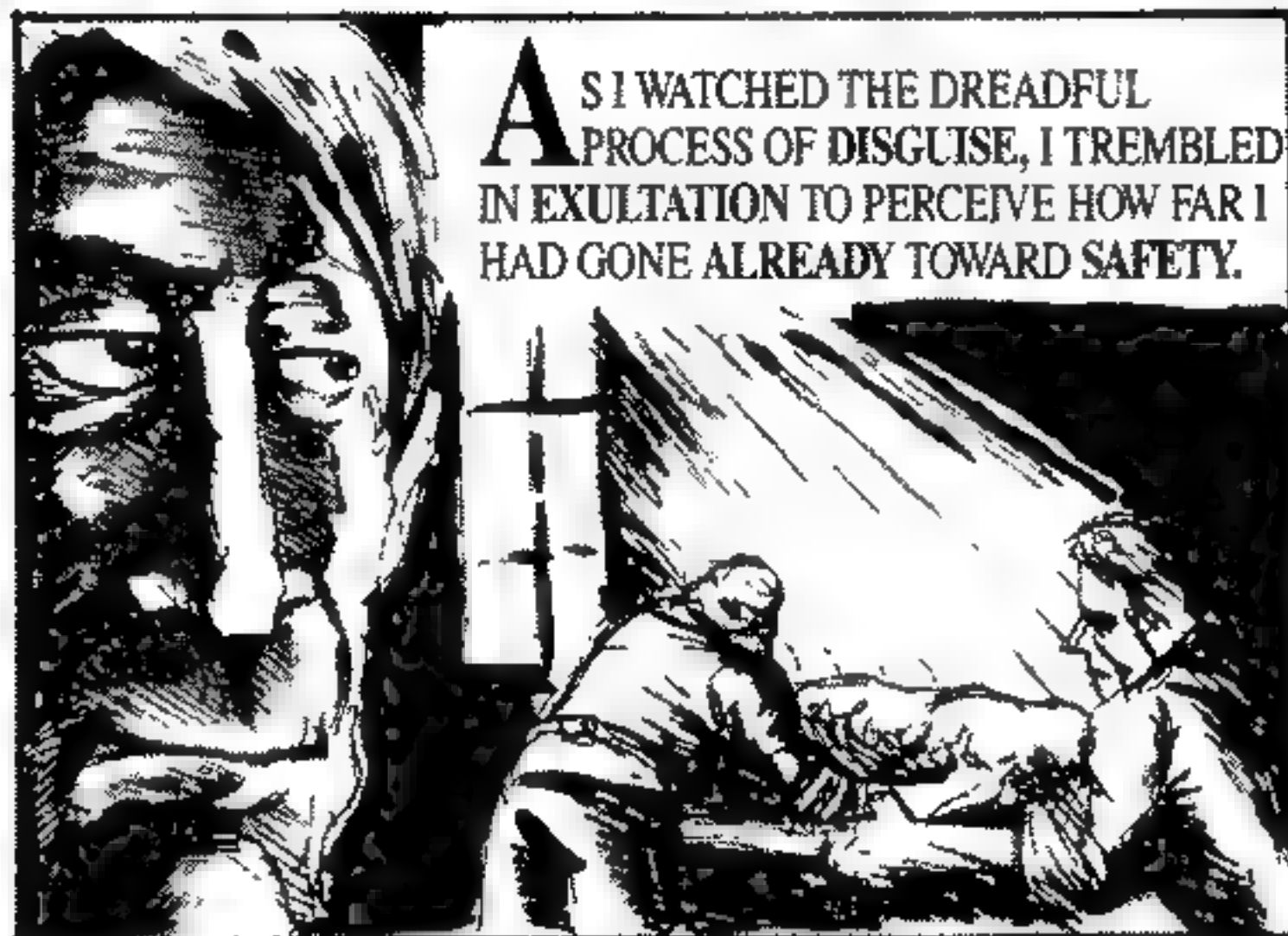
**M**ORNING CAME. THE CLASS BEGAN TO ARRIVE. AND I PASSED THE REMAINS OF UNFORTUNATE GRAY AMONG THEM



**R**ICHARDSON WAS PARTICULARLY PLEASED AT HAVING RECEIVED THE HEAD, AS HE HAD LONG HARBORED A DESIRE TO DISSECT THAT PIECE OF ANATOMY...



**A**S I WATCHED THE DREADFUL PROCESS OF DISGUISE, I TREMBLED IN EXULTATION TO PERCEIVE HOW FAR I HAD GONE ALREADY TOWARD SAFETY.



**T**HREE DAYS LATER, MACFARLANE APPEARED, EXPLAINING THAT HE HAD BEEN ILL. SO ELATED WAS I THAT I COULD NOT HELP BUT WHISPER THAT I HAD FOREGONE THE COMPANY OF LAMBS, FOR THAT OF LIONS!



**H**E SAID NOTHING, BUT SMILED, AND MOTIONED ME TO BE SILENT.



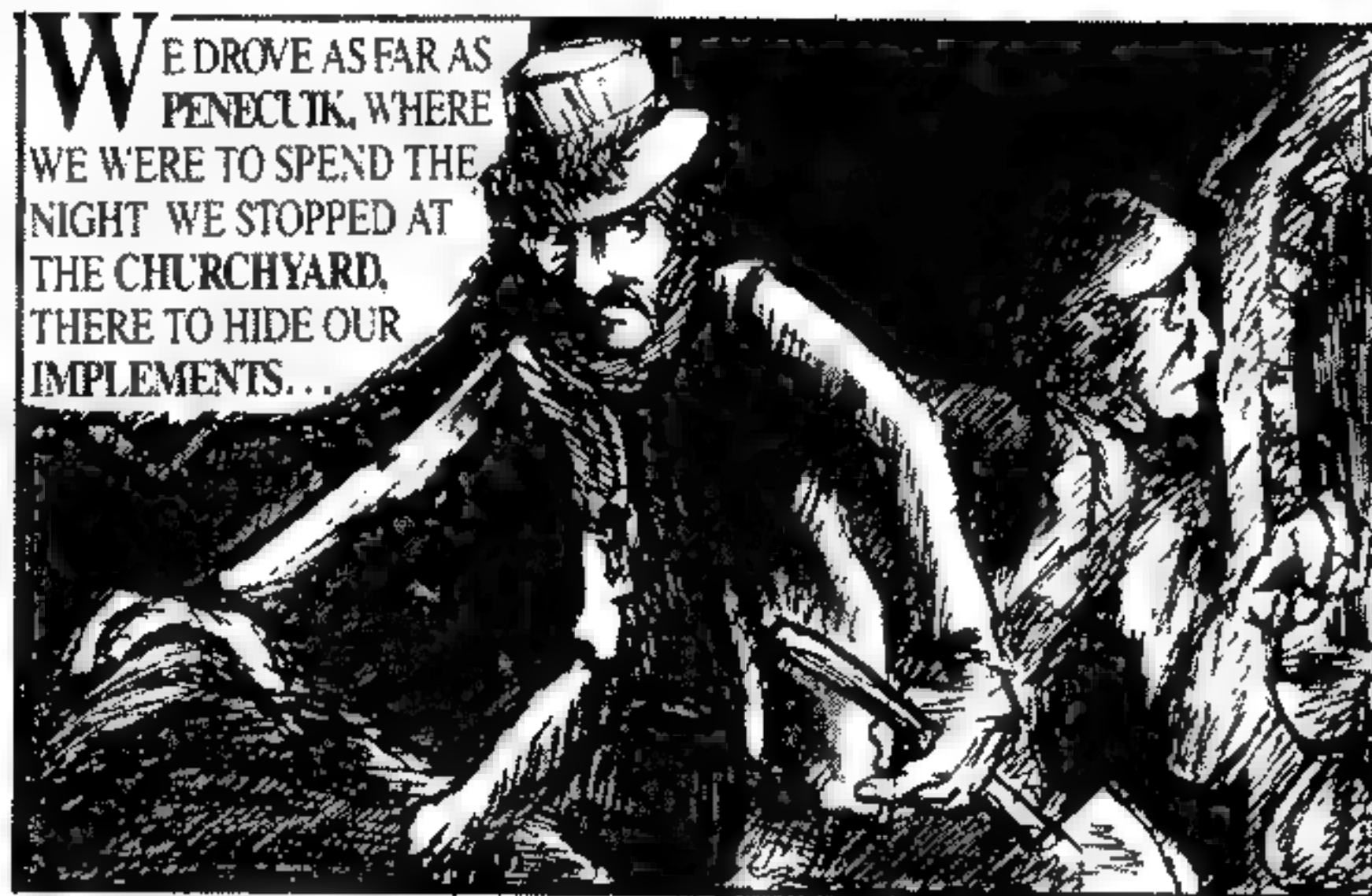
**A**T LENGTH, AN OCCASION AROSE WHICH WAS TO PUT MACFARLANE AND MYSELF INTO CLOSER INTIMACY. THE PROFESSOR HAD BECOME SHORT OF SUBJECTS, AND THERE HAD BEEN NEWS OF A BURIAL...





**A**S VULTURES MIGHT SWOOP DOWN UPON A DYING LAMB, WE WERE TO BE SET UPON A QUIET GRAVE. WHERE LAY THE WIFE OF A FARMER. SHE HAD LIVED SIXTY YEARS, AND BEEN KNOWN FOR NOTHING BUT GOOD BUTTER AND GODLY CONVERSATION. WE WERE TO ROOT HER FROM THAT GRAVE, DEAD AND NAKED, AND DRAG HER TO THAT FAR-OFF CITY, WHERE HER INNOCENT AND ALMOST VENERABLE MEMBERS WERE TO BE EXPOSED TO THE CURIOSITY OF THE ANATOMIST.

**W**E DROVE AS FAR AS PENECUTK, WHERE WE WERE TO SPEND THE NIGHT. WE STOPPED AT THE CHURCHYARD, THERE TO HIDE OUR IMPLEMENTS...



...AND THENCE TO A PUBLIC INN, WHERE WE ORDERED BEEF AND WINE...



A COMPLIMENT.

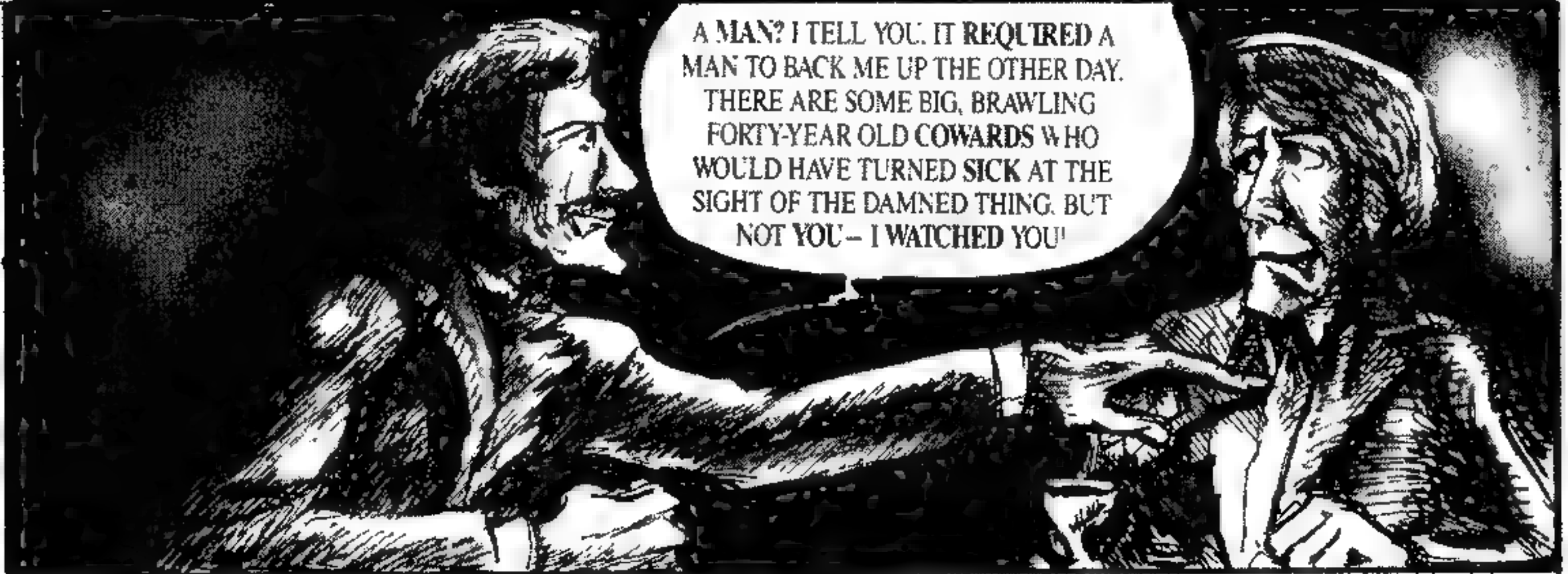
BETWEEN FRIENDS, THESE LITTLE DAMNED ACCOMMODATIONS SHOULD FLY LIKE PIPE-LIGHTS.




YOU ARE A PHILOSOPHER! I WAS AN ASS UNTIL I MET YOU! YOU AND THE PROFESSOR BETWEEN YOU, BY THE LORD HARRY! YOU'LL MAKE A MAN OF ME!








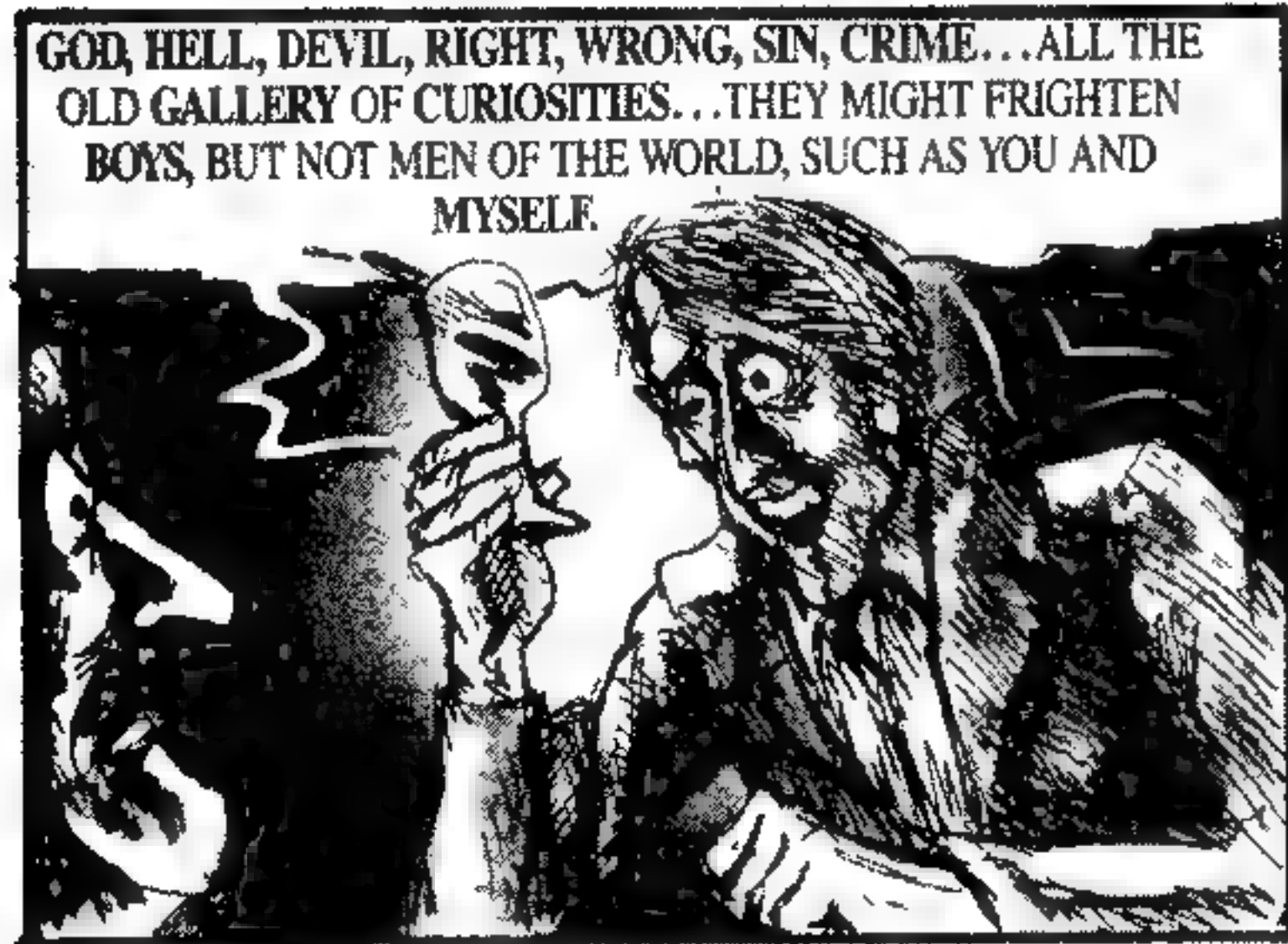
A MAN? I TELL YOU. IT REQUIRED A MAN TO BACK ME UP THE OTHER DAY. THERE ARE SOME BIG, BRAWLING FORTY-YEAR OLD COWARDS WHO WOULD HAVE TURNED SICK AT THE SIGHT OF THE DAMNED THING. BUT NOT YOU - I WATCHED YOU!



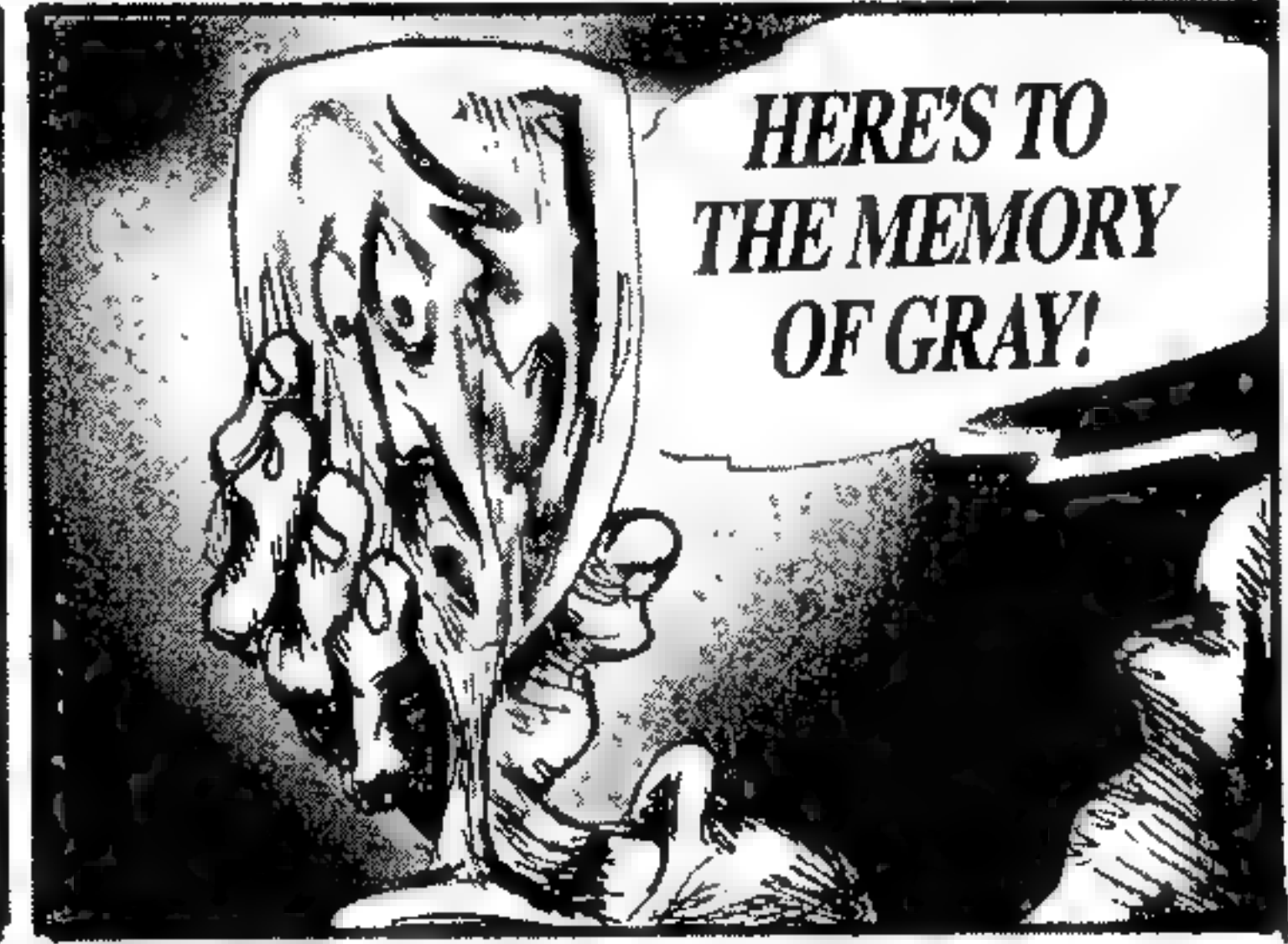
AND WHY NOT? IT WAS NO AFFAIR OF MINE. THERE WAS NOTHING ON ONE SIDE BUT DISTURBANCE, AND ON THE OTHER, I COULD COUNT ON YOUR GRATITUDE, DON'T YOU SEE?



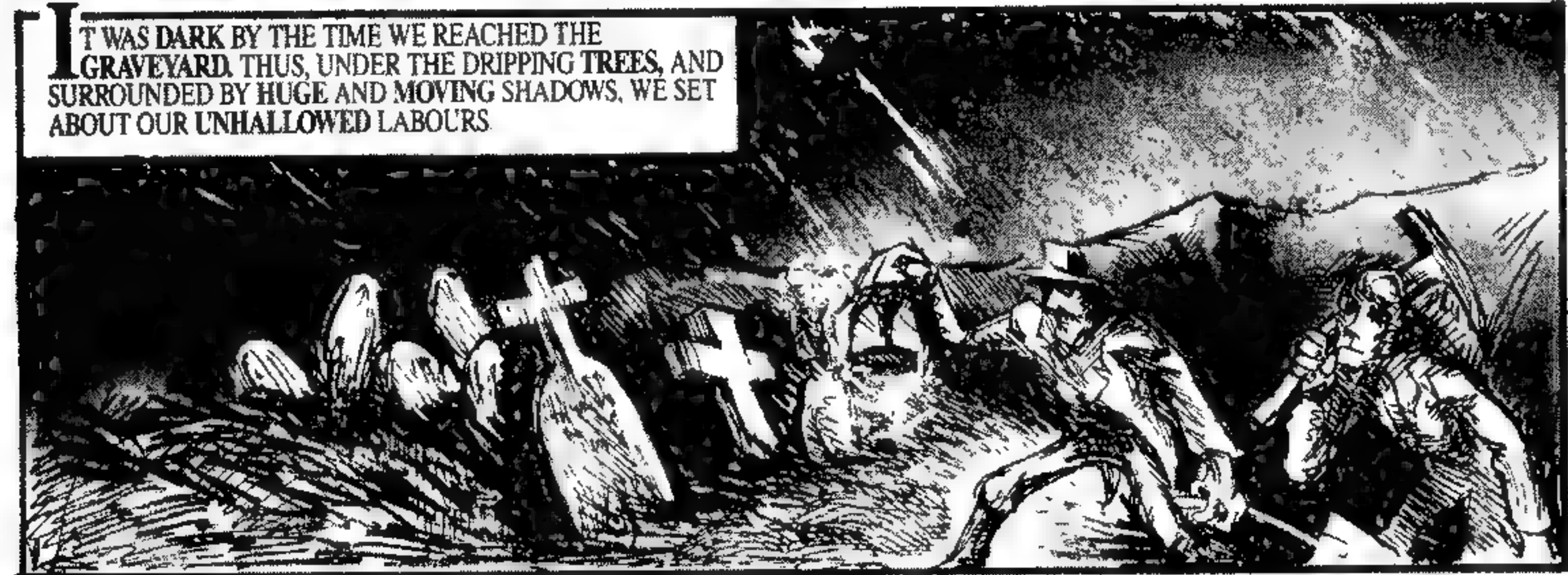
THE GREAT THING IS NOT TO BE AFRAID. NOW, I DON'T WANT TO HANG - THAT'S PRACTICAL - BUT FOR ALL THAT CAN'T, I WAS BORN WITH CONTEMPT.



GOD, HELL, DEVIL, RIGHT, WRONG, SIN, CRIME... ALL THE OLD GALLERY OF CURIOSITIES... THEY MIGHT FRIGHTEN BOYS, BUT NOT MEN OF THE WORLD, SUCH AS YOU AND MYSELF.



HERE'S TO THE MEMORY OF GRAY!



IT WAS DARK BY THE TIME WE REACHED THE GRAVEYARD. THUS, UNDER THE DRIPPING TREES, AND SURROUNDED BY HUGE AND MOVING SHADOWS, WE SET ABOUT OUR UNHALLOWED LABOURS



**W**E WERE BOTH EXPERIENCED IN SUCH AFFAIRS, AND POWERFUL WITH THE SPADE: AND WE WERE BUT TWENTY MINUTES INTO OUR TASK WHEN WHEN WE WERE REWARDED BY THE DULL THUD OF THE SPADE AGAINST THE COFFIN LID.



**T**HE COFFIN WAS EXHUMED AND BROKEN OPEN: THE BODY INSERTED INTO THE DRIPPING SACK AND CARRIED BACK TO THE CARRIAGE.



**T**HERE, MACFARLANE MOUNTED WITH THE BAG AND HELD IN PLACE, WHILE I TOOK THE HORSE, AND LED IT TO THE MAIN ROAD.



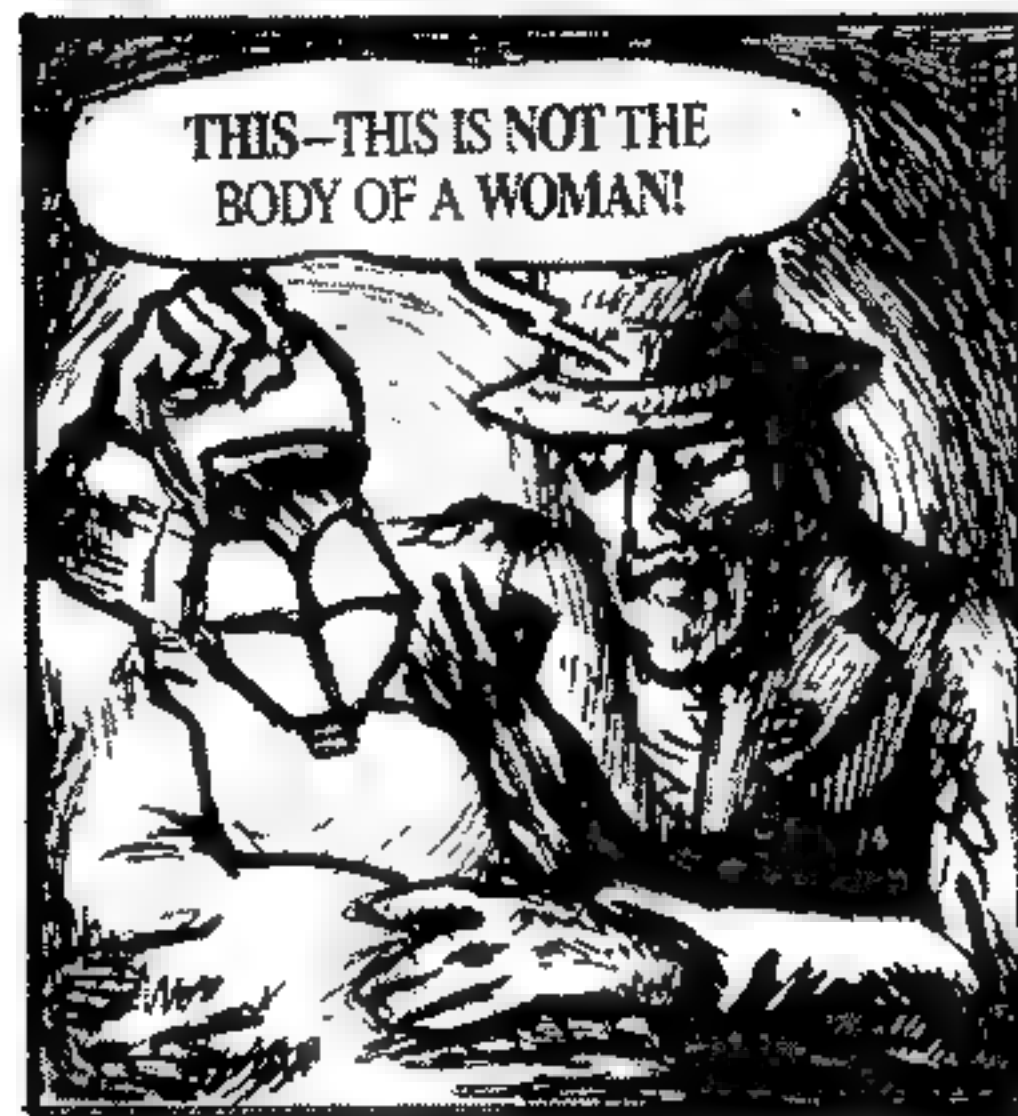
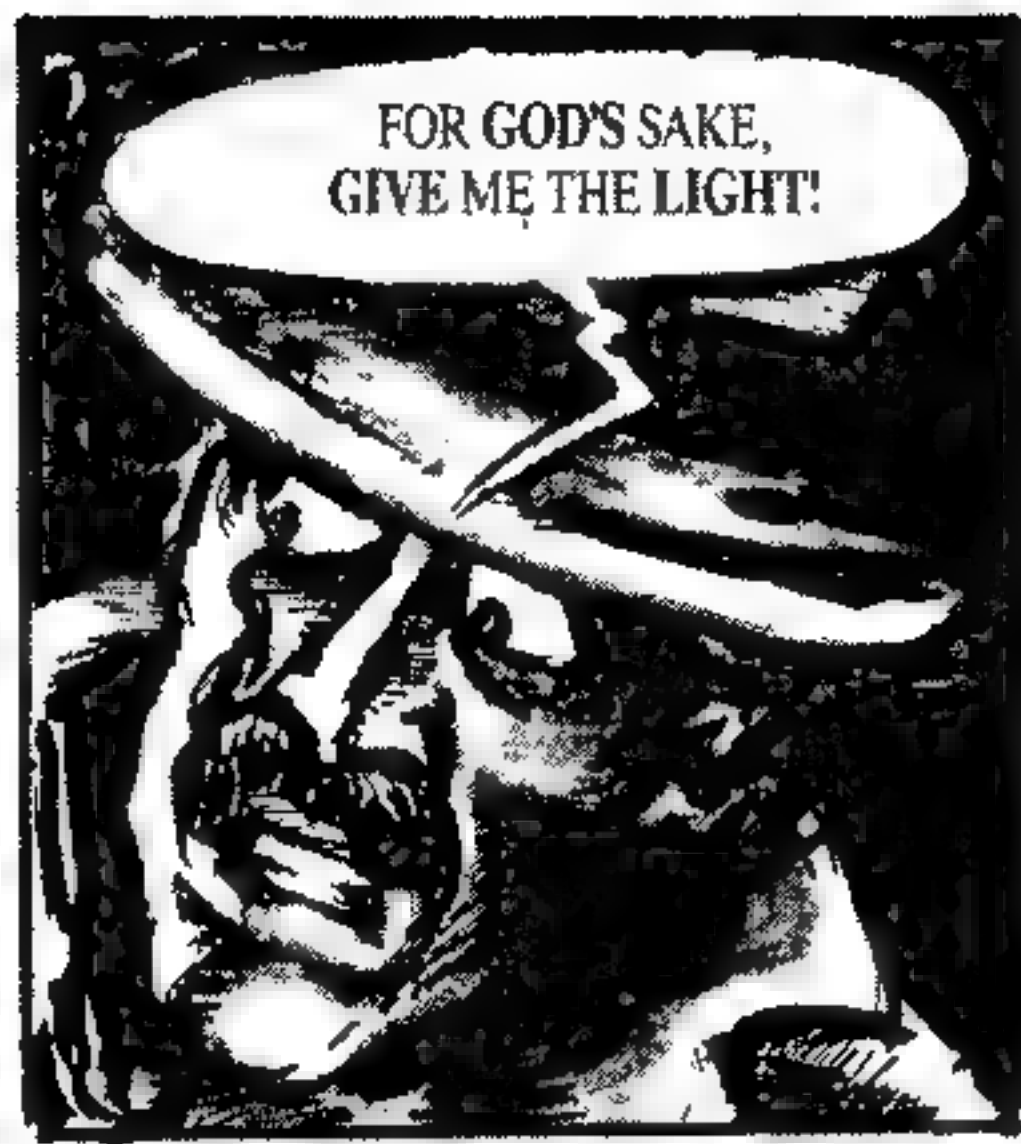
**H**ERE WAS BETTER LIGHT—AND SO I CLIMBED ABOARD, AND WE PUSHED THE HORSE TO A GOOD PACE, RATTLING MERRILY BACK TO TOWN.



**W**E HAD BOTH BEEN WETTED TO THE SKIN DURING THE COURSE OF OUR OPERATION, AND NOW, AS THE GIG JUMPED AMONG THE DEEP RUTS, THE THING THAT STOOD PROPPED BETWEEN US FELL NOW UPON ONE AND THEN THE OTHER. AT EACH REPETITION OF THE CONTACT WE REPELLED IT WITH GREATER HASTE: AND THE PROCESS, NATURAL AS IT WAS, BEGAN TO TELL ON OUR NERVES. A CREEPING CHILL BEGAN TO POSSESS MY SOUL, AS IT SEEMED THE PACKAGE WAS LARGER THAN AT FIRST.











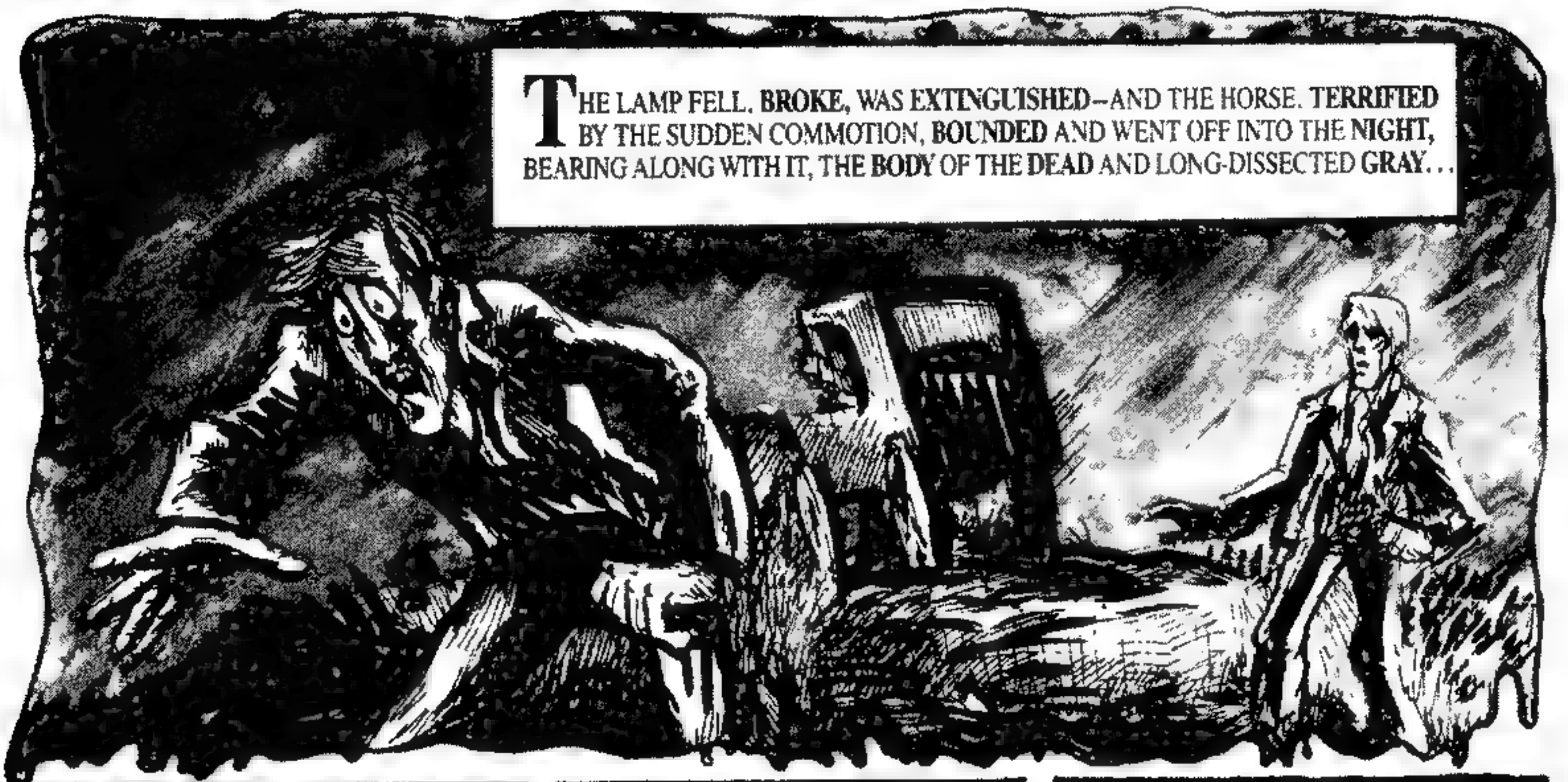
WHAT... NO WORD OF  
WELCOME FOR  
YOUR OLD FRIEND?

THAT'S NOT  
FRIENDLY, TODDY...

...NOT FRIENDLY  
AT ALL!



**T**HE LAMP FELL, BROKE, WAS EXTINGUISHED—AND THE HORSE, TERRIFIED BY THE SUDDEN COMMOTION, BOUNDED AND WENT OFF INTO THE NIGHT, BEARING ALONG WITH IT, THE BODY OF THE DEAD AND LONG-DISSECTED GRAY...



I NEVER SAW MACFARLANE AGAIN...  
THAT IS, UNTIL TONIGHT...



AND NOW, YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHY  
I ASKED HIM IF HE'D SEEN IT AGAIN...



FOR... GOD KNOWS...  
I HAVE SEEN IT



I SEE IT  
EVERY NIGHT...



The  
End



# I BITE YOUR BUTT

**Yow!**  
**JUMBO**

**SHOCK-  
DRAMAS!**

**PLUS**



**WARNING!**

IF PLOTLESS,  
EXCRUTIATINGLY  
DULL MALAYSIAN  
CANNIBAL-ZOMBIE  
FILMS DISGUST  
YOU PLEASE  
DO NOT VIEW  
THIS PROGRAM

CHAS  
BALUN  
ED

# I GULP YOUR GUTS

**R**

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# GORE AND REMEMBRANCE:

My Days in the FANGORIA Empire  
by ANTHONY TIMPONE

Flashback, circa 1971. Our Lady of Hope Elementary School in Queens, N.Y. Sister Naomi drones on about the recreational pursuits of the Amish. A minute later, the bell finally rings and I'm out the classroom door faster than a vampire at dawn. I race to Ruby's Luncheonette across the street and pop the question.

"Didya get it? Is the latest issue of FM in?" I ask the soda jerk, gasping for breath.

"Whaddya talkin' about?" spits the white-haired grouch. "Datsa radio band!"

"No," I beg. "Famous Monsters of Filmland! The magazine!"

Flash forward to 1987. I'm standing in a Manhattan stationery store, looking for a ray of light in the omnipresent gloom of girlie magazines. Suddenly, a teenager slams into me, barely excusing himself. The anxious kid queries the manager.

"Hey, where's the new FANGORIA?"

Little does he know that the guy he practically knocks over is the editor of FANGORIA. I smile to myself.

In all modesty, it's moments like these that remind me how far I've come in this loony business. Eighteen years ago, that kid was me.

Almost everyone in the horror field pledges allegiance to Forrest J Ackerman and his Famous Monsters magazine, from Stephen King to Joe Dante. I'm no different. Famous Monsters guided my formative years, in addition to a steady diet of Creature Features, Aurora model kits, Marvel Comics and AIP drive-in double features. I stuck with Famous Monsters throughout the '70s, watching its imitators come and go. When STARLOG appeared on local newsstands in 1976, I took one glance and put it back, rejecting it for its glossy color pages, slickness and more mature editorial content. Perhaps, deep down, I realized that this competition would be the death knell for the age of cheap black & white monsterzines. But when STARLOG's fourth issue materialized, my latent interest in science fiction and fantasy took hold and I finally purchased a copy. STARLOG introduced me to a new frontier of genre movie journalism. Horror movies deserved the same kind of treatment.

Spattering on the scene in summer '79, FANGORIA was just what the mad doctor ordered. Nothing could surpass Fango's hip humor, gory color photos and informative retrospectives. Around this period, I began dabbling in writing, contributing to an illegal Star Wars fanzine and the now-defunct American Peter Cushing Fan Club Journal. In 1980,

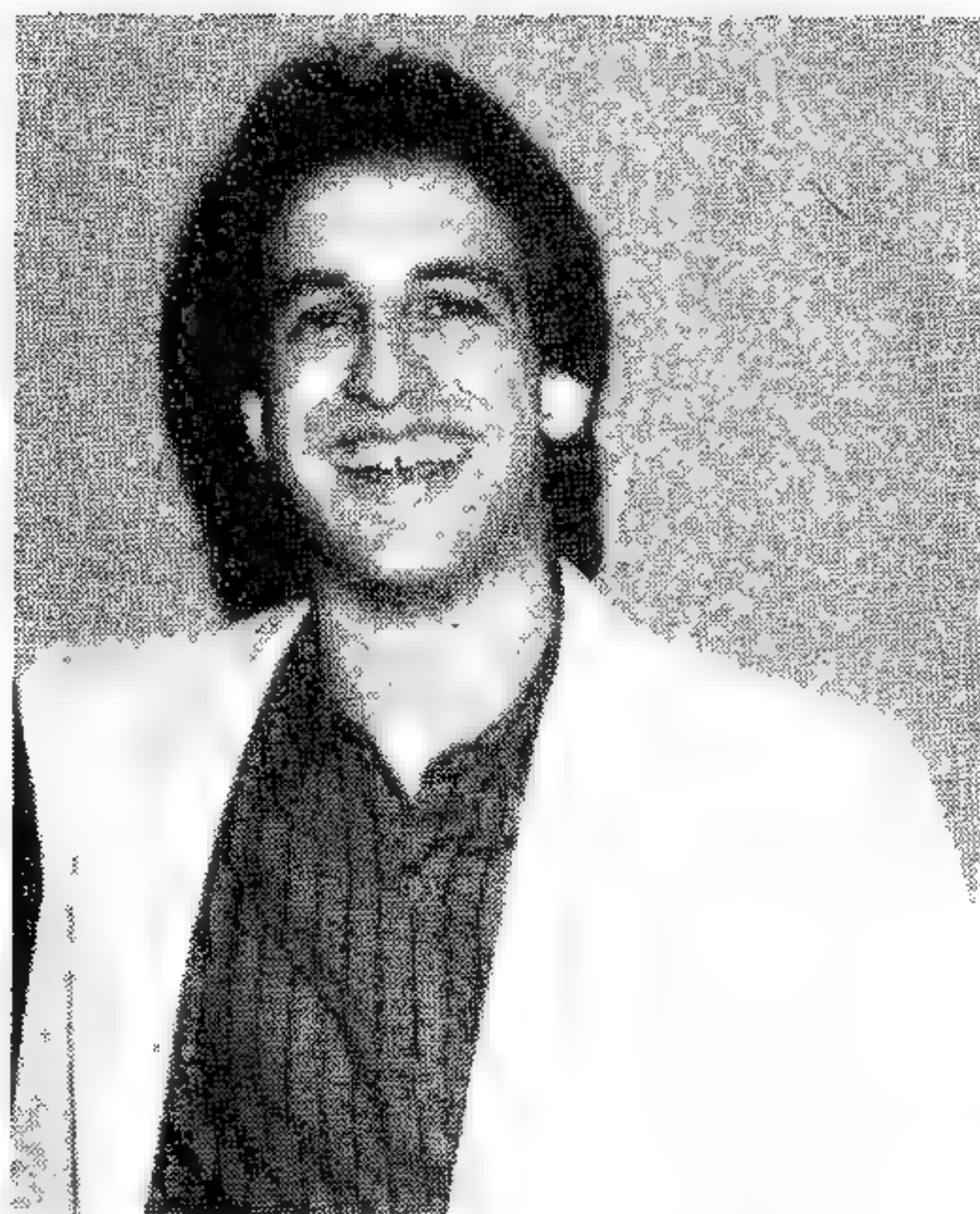


Photo: Kim Gottlieb-Walker

as president of my high school science fiction club, I created a fanzine, Fantazine, which carried reviews, fiction and interviews. The first interview that I ever conducted for this premiere publishing venture was with none other than makeup FX great Tom Savini, who I met at a N.Y. Creation Convention. An incredibly accomodating chap, Savini even offered to share the long distance phone bill with me! This experience gave me the added incentive to pursue writing as a career, so I set the goal of nailing that elusive first-article sale.

Sure, genre pros are constantly thanking Forry Ackerman for inspiring them, but I find myself thanking him twice as much; Forry actually helped get my first article published. After he resigned Famous Monsters, Forry began editing a new mag Monsterland. I offered him an interview with C3PO actor Anthony Daniels (FM ran lots of inferior Star Wars coverage), which he sent over to his publishers' sister mag, SF MovieLand. They bought it, and before long, I was contributing to Monsterland, SF MovieLand, Heroes, and eventually the much classier STARLOG. My next goal: FANGORIA.

At the time of these free-lance adventures, I was studying journalism at New York University and writing for two campus newspapers, which provided me access to many celebrities. Armed with Joel (Blood Simple) Coen and Brian DePalma profiles, I queried Fango editor Bob Martin. He promptly wrote back, rejecting them on the grounds that the magazine had already assigned the same pieces to others. Sigh.

"FANGORIA is a tougher market to crack than STARLOG," warned STARLOG editor David McDonnell. A few weeks later (June 1985), upon my graduation, McDonnell nabbed me an interview for STARLOG PRESS, which publishes three dozen assorted magazines besides bread-and-butter titles STARLOG and FANGORIA. I won the job, with the understanding that I'd soon be entering the company as a lowly editorial assistant, proof-reading



and contributing to STARLOG, as well as several lookalike wrestling titles and an innocuous teen mag. "People move along rather quickly here," offered assistant publisher Milburn Smith regarding company advancement. That sounded good, but why no mention of working on FANGORIA?

I must have told this story a thousand times, with the same response coming from the listener, "Boy, were you lucky!" And, as luck would have it, I never wound up compiling wrestling stats or cribbing any Michael J. Fox stories for the teen book. You see, a week before I assumed my STARLOG duties, editor/prime mover Bob Martin quit Fango and segued into our company's hard rock mag, thus leaving co-editor David Everitt alone at the helm. Everitt needed an assistant fast, and after a brief interview with me on my first day ("Do you enjoy Lucio Fulci movies?"), had me assigned to Martin's old desk! That same week, he put me on Fango #48's masthead as Editorial Assistant. Whew! I made it!

It's a case of being in the right place at the right time. Just the same, my background, willingness to learn and ambition, not to mention my love of the New York Mets, put me in good stead with Everitt.

I went from gofer the first week (i.e. purchasing AIP stills at a movie memorabilia shop) to penning Monster Invasion news items by my second. All the while, I constantly displayed a strong desire to write a full-length Fango feature. Back then, the magazine followed the unusual policy of having its two editors write most of the articles each issue. (other mags are nearly entirely free-lance written.)

With the production of Fango #49, Everitt handed me additional copy-edit chores, beginning with a Robert Bloch piece. Purely by chance, I discovered that the free-lancer had lifted his introduction from a previous Fango Bloch interview. I whipped up a new intro, selected the photos from our "Gore", "Guts" and "Blood" files, and captioned them. Captioning is always a gas, giving the editors a chance to let loose with silliness and creativity. Lazy folks may skip the articles, but they always read the captions. Constantly upgrading my editorial responsibilities, Everitt promoted me to Associate Editor on Fango #49.

Happy with my work and eagerness, Everitt finally approved two of my article proposals — interviews with Angelo (Freaks) Rositto and John (Attack of the Puppet People) Hoyt — and assigned me those plus two more. Ironically, my first Fango article (the Rositto story) accidentally printed without my byline. Nevertheless, things couldn't have been better:

I was finally writing articles for my favorite magazine and becoming good friends with its editor. Then Everitt dropped a bombshell.

"I'm leaving FANGORIA," Everitt said matter of factly one humid August afternoon. "I got a new job." I lapsed into a state of confusion, shock and disappointment. I worried that my rapid climb up the Fango masthead would be jeopardized by a hot-shot newcomer and his own staff.

I never gave much thought to the idea that my bosses would even consider handing over the job to me, a 22-year-old grad with only four weeks experience with

the company.

A week passed and still no decision on Fango's future had been reached. Everitt only had two days left. I continued to sweat it out. Finally, a call from Dave McDonnell. "Can I see you in my office?" The stomach knots tightened, and I took a deep breath. The jury returned. Everitt, McDonnell and the publishers had ironed out a perfect solution. When I exited McDonnell's office, I did so with a new title (managing editor), a raise and, more importantly, the promise that I would become FANGORIA's Editor-in-Chief in 12 months if I showed my stuff. Also, everyone had somehow overlooked the fact that Fango would soon be hitting issue #50. Since Everitt wrapped 99 percent of the issue prior to his departure, all McDonnell and I had to do was guide the issue through our office art department, where all our magazines get pasted up. To give #50 an anniversary flare, we asked art director Bill Mohalley to drop the cover's left side film strip and photos. Our cover ghoul: Robert Englund as Freddy from A Nightmare on Elm Street 2. Due to the astonishing success of the Elm Street saga, Freddy's ugly mug has popped up as the main cover shot a record nine times (including GOREZONE and other tie-ins), with no end in sight.

With Fango #51, McDonnell and I began revamping the magazine and molding it into our image. We changed typefaces, moved Monster Invasion to the front, brought in punchout quotes, added a Contributors' Crypt to publicize our writers, and made various subtle changes. I dashed off four articles that issue, including the cover story (House), my first ever. Coverwise, we eliminated the middle film strip photo to add extra ad lines, an idea I never supported. On the plus side, #51 tolined our first interview with Clive (Books of Blood) Barker. Weeks earlier, Barker had called me to thank us for our rave Nightmare Library review, and later dropped by the office to meet the staff.

Fango #52 also boasted four articles by myself. That practice wouldn't last; thanks to the sudden increase in editorial duties — assigning articles, making arrangements with film publicists, editing all manuscripts, etc. — it made more sense (and less work) to delegate those writing chores to our expanding bullpen of contributors. The genre suffered through a slump in early '86, and Fango unfortunately reflected that. Fango #53, for example, provided pretty slim pickings, and it's my least favorite issue. That didn't stop the Amazing Stories folks from prominently featuring 53's cover on an episode. The same issue presented the free-lance debut of J. Peter Orr, an old high school chum who subsequently joined us as an editorial assistant.

Thanks to a horror film boom period in mid-'86, FANGORIA jumped back on track with issues 54 and onward. The magazine barely carried enough pages to cover all the new releases. Fango #55's headliners included my set visit to David Cronenberg's The Fly in Toronto. I covered the remake's lensing for three days, eventually turning in eight articles on the exciting experience. (Not all set visits go this well; my trip to the awful Creepshow 2 only brought home one story.) Summer '86's screens exploded with genre product (Psycho III, Poltergeist II, Texas Chainsaw II, Maximum Overdrive, etc.). Too



bad only The Fly and Aliens proved truly memorable. Chris Walas' amazing Fly creation earned the cover slot of Fango #58, one of our best.

Stuart Gordon's Re-Animator follow-up, From Beyond, took the cover of Fango #59, taken from a photo I selected at the Empire Pictures' offices during my first trip to L.A. in summer '86. It's usually a lot easier to comb through thousands of slides myself than to tell some publicist's secretary over the phone that I need photos of dismembered hellspawn. Let's forget the forgettable Little Shop of Horrors cover of issue #60 and gloat over #61's toothsome Rawhead Rex, shall we? It's a big-time favorite, second only to the Pinhead of #79. Well, #60 did carry a new title logo by publisher Kerry O'Quinn and our much-praised Exorcist celebration. Former projectionist Tim Ferrante lent us actual Exorcist FX clips that he cut from a 35mm print of the film during its original run!

FANGORIA #62 emerged as one of the magazine's landmark issues. Displaying an exclusive Nightmare on Elm Street cover photo, the issue made sales history, selling out in 7-Elevens, subway newsstands and comic shops across the nation. Everything connected with that issue, specifically our pieces on several eagerly-awaited sequels, boffo design work by our art department, and the arrival of writer Chas. Balun. A fan of his hilarious Gore Score book, I invited Balun into the Fango family to recapture the humor and personality of the Martin/Everitt era. With that incredible issue, editor Dave McDonnell stepped down as planned, handing me the editorial reigns of a magazine about to enter a bloody new age. "Mac" made the world's best professor, perfectly grooming me for this day. I wouldn't be here without his support and guidance.

I assumed my editorial duties with #63. Now all the decisions were mine: picking every photo, assigning all articles, plotting each issue's breakdown, and editing every sentence, right down to the free subscriber ads. I promoted J. Peter Orr to Associate Editor (and eventually to Managing Editor), and continued my efforts to find the most gruesome photos available. My tenacity pulled off the stunners that graced the covers of issues 63-67. The inside visuals, paper quality and editorial content were also upgraded. I strove for more humor, less kow-towing to the major studios and asked our writers to deliver the outrageous and unexpected.

The unexpected included the publishing coup of hiring Robert Englund to write an article on the making of Nightmare on Elm Street 3 for our dedicated readers. Fango #64's "Win Freddy's Sweater" contest enticed further buyers, though judging a competition loaded with hundreds of entries became a Nightmare on Park Avenue South. Circulation figures continued to soar.

The Elegy page began to show a new direction, too. I could never top Uncle Bob's kidnapping by Nazi Amazon women or Dave McDonnell's stream of non-sequiturs, so I decided to vent my editorial spleen against the MPAA, poseurs and other threats to quality bloodletting. For the record, I'm not as serious as my editorials may lead you to believe. Simply ask my dead cat.

Before the Freddy phenomenon, no other slasher inspired as much mail as Jason, the

unstoppable killer of the Friday the 13th series. Oddly enough, Fango never interviewed all the Jason actors or ran the old hockey mask on the cover. We killed two birds with one stone with Fango #68, a top fall '87 seller. Due to poor quality, Friday the 13th photos rarely lend themselves to cover exposure. New Line Cinema, on the other hand, asked me for specific suggestions in posing Freddy for cover considerations. These folks know the value of good publicity. No "hide the monster" bullshit, either, the sort that plagued our coverage of Pumpkinhead, Aliens, Watchers, Phantasm II and many others.

Fango #69's addition of eight more color pages (formerly black and white) lead the Asbury Park Press to comment that magazine's insides "seem to squirt out at you," exactly the kind of compliment to make my day. The return of Bob Martin as a Fango contributor (#71 and #72) pushed 1988 in the right direction as well. Martin's interview with Basket Case/Brain Damage creator Frank Henenlotter inspired great chuckles, and it's a pleasure to note that Martin, after self-publishing a Brain Damage novelization, is currently co-writing Henenlotter's upcoming Frankenhooker. I coaxed David Everitt back into the Fango fold, too, in issues #74 and #81. Since leaving Fango, Everitt has completed several Western novels and a few screenplays in the the action genre.

Fango #71 (February '88) announced the creation of a new sister publication, GOREZONE. I rejected the idea at first, but as the publication took shape I realized its potential. All the ideas that could never find a home in FANGORIA due to space limitations — fiction, current movie reviews, how-to FX column by pros — found a home on March 1, 1988 in GOREZONE. FANGORIA'S GUIDE TO THE BEST & BLOODIEST HORROR VIDEO, yet another offshoot, joined the bunch a month later. FANGORIA, meanwhile, received the gift of another eight color pages (again, formerly black and white) with issue #79. our 11th year of publication began with #81's "Directing Horror Special."

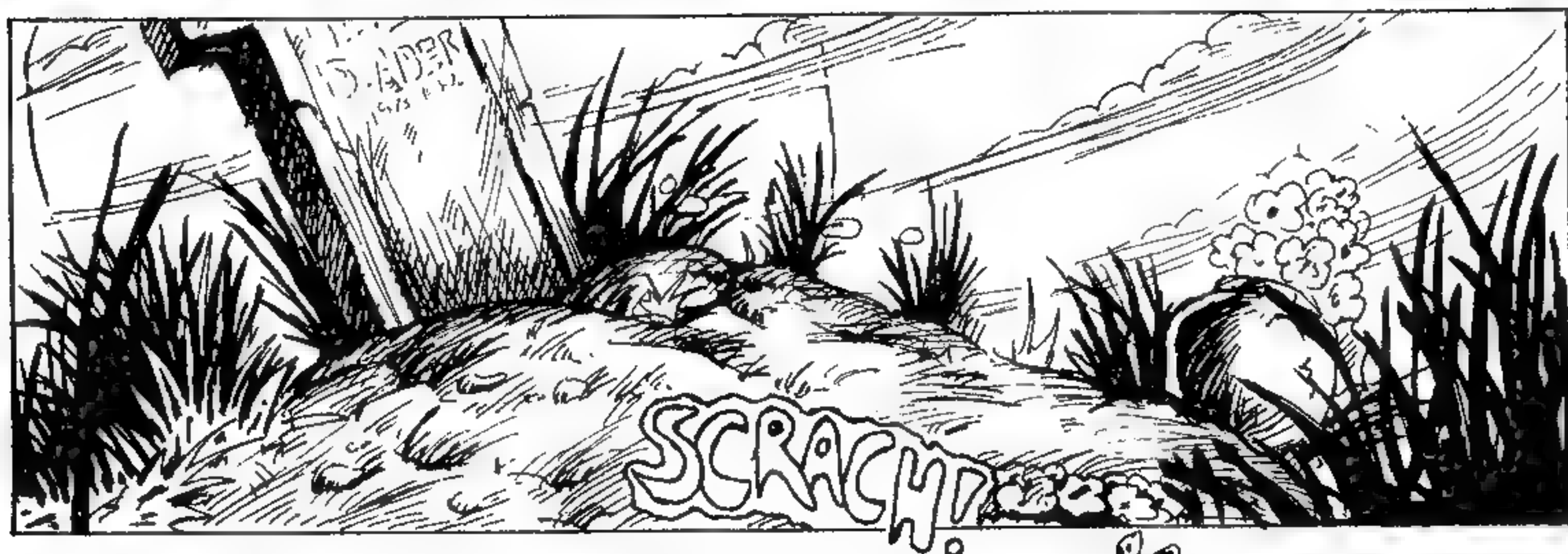
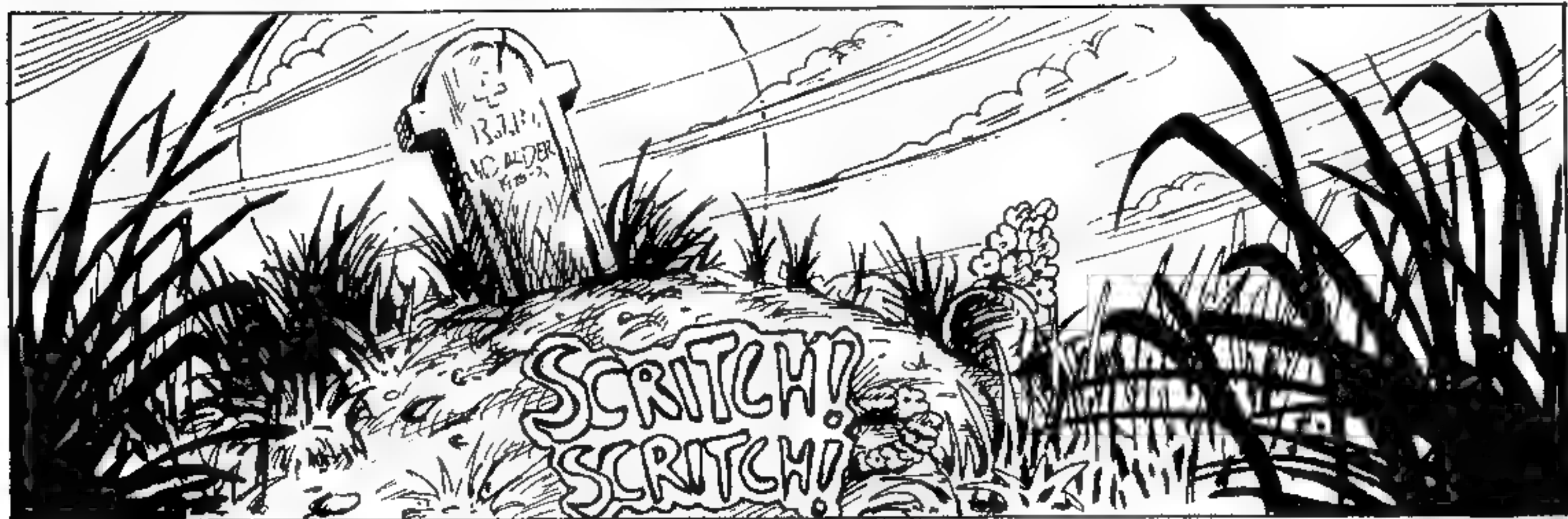
Come July, it will be four years since I first joined FANGORIA. In spite of ever-looming deadlines, the pressures of editing 20 magazines a year, and the occasional production mishap (like the time several GOREZONE pages were printed in black and white instead of color), I enjoy waking up for work in the morning. A well-oiled machine manned by dedicated writers and seasoned editorial contributors makes my job easier every day.

Last Fall, I drove three hours to FantaCo's Megashow in Albany, an opportunity to "press the flesh." For one event, I sat on a panel with the Ackermonger himself and fielded questions from a packed auditorium. My mind drifted back to the 1974 Famous Monsters convention, where Forry signed my program in red ink. Fourteen years later, horror enthusiasts were asking me to autograph their Fango Family T-shirts.

As I scribbled my name in bemusement, I peered into their eyes, wondering which eager fans would one day be editing their own horror magazines, maybe even FANGORIA. Yeah, some day...



# WILL YOU STILL LOVE ME WHEN I'M GONE?











THE END...



# Out of Sight... ...Out of Mind

"Doctor Martin, let me introduce you to Number 27274, our next patient."



"Been with us fifteen years now."



"Tried suicide twice, numerous escape attempts, and still he refuses to face the fact - he's in for life."



"Have you diagnosed the problem?"  
"Actually, he's one of the toughest cases I've ever come across."



"Rape, beating, and strangulation of all his female victims."



"And what measures have been taken?"

"At present, sedation and confinement, along with electro-shock therapy."







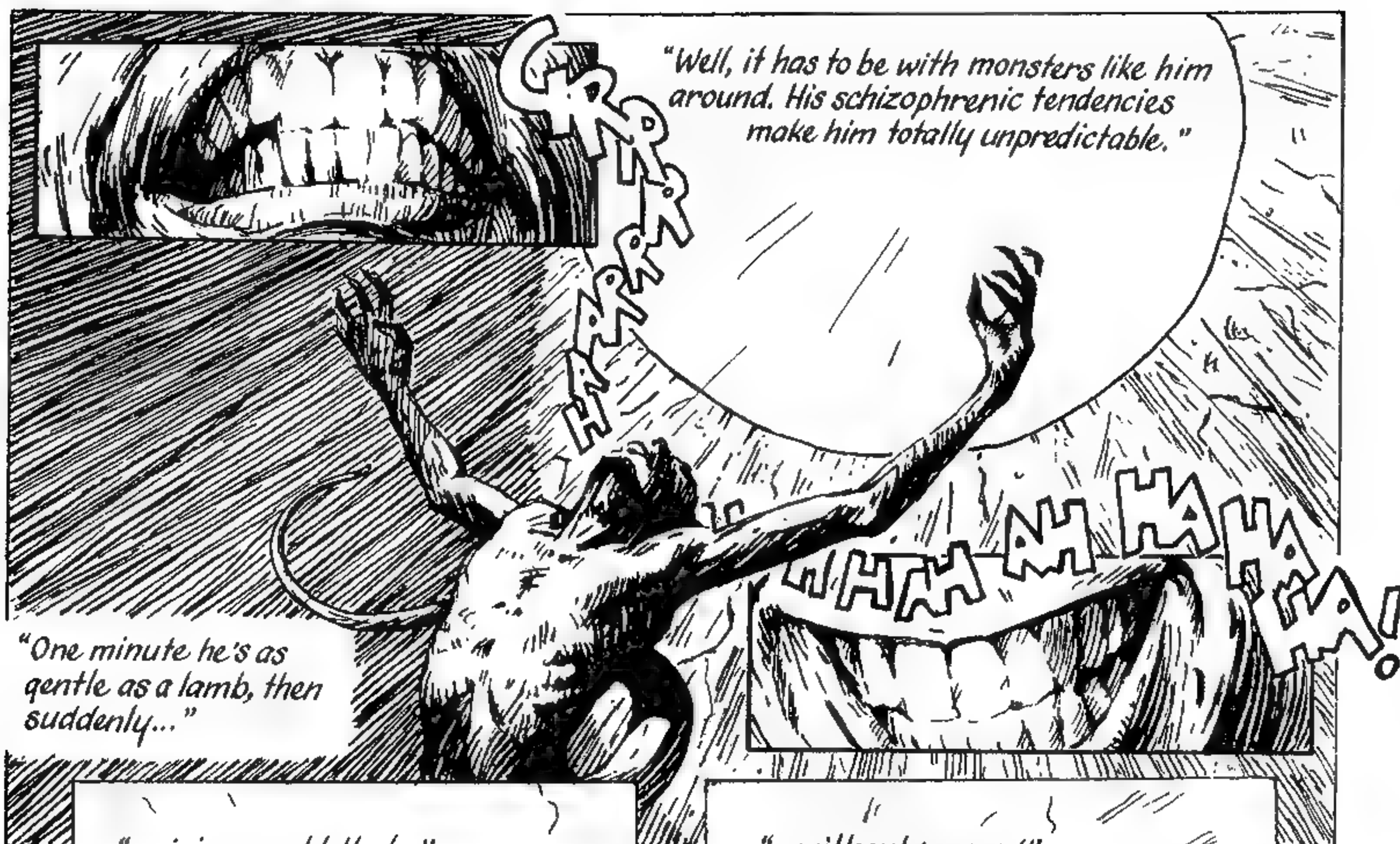
*"Like I say, he's a stubborn bugger and he'll jump at the slightest chance of freedom."*



*"But our security here is rather stringent."*

*GRR!*







"I'm afraid the only realistic option left us is to perform a lobotomy."



"That's where your expert work in physiology comes in handy, Doctor Martin..."

...to officialize the go-ahead."

HA HA HA HA HA

And how did he lose his right eye?

"Plucked it out himself about a year ago with a dinner spoon. Tried the same with his left, but we just managed to save it."

THE END

"Plucked it out himself about a year ago with a dinner spoon. Tried the same with his left, but we just managed to save it."

THE  
END







# GET IT ON YOUR CHEST WITH THESE HORROR T-SHIRTS!



Gore Shriek 1



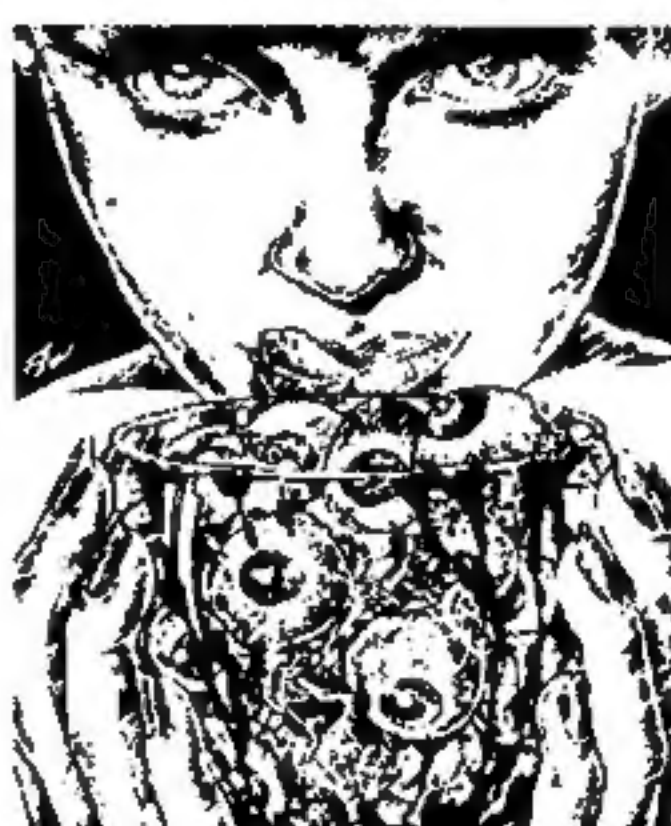
Gore Shriek 2



Gore Shriek 3



Gore Shriek 4



Gore Shriek 5



Deep Red 1



Shriek 1



Year of the Zombie



Night / Living Dead

YES! I want to get it on my chest! Please send me:

Gore Shriek 1.....	<input type="checkbox"/> M	<input type="checkbox"/> L	<input type="checkbox"/> XL at \$14 each =	_____	Send
Gore Shriek 2.....	<input type="checkbox"/> M	<input type="checkbox"/> L	<input type="checkbox"/> XL at \$14 each =	_____	\$4.00
Gore Shriek 3.....	<input type="checkbox"/> M	<input type="checkbox"/> L	<input type="checkbox"/> XL at \$14 each =	_____	extra
Gore Shriek 4.....	<input type="checkbox"/> M	<input type="checkbox"/> L	<input type="checkbox"/> XL at \$14 each =	_____	for our
Gore Shriek 5.....	<input type="checkbox"/> M	<input type="checkbox"/> L	<input type="checkbox"/> XL at \$14 each =	_____	all-new
Deep Red 1.....	<input type="checkbox"/> M	<input type="checkbox"/> L	<input type="checkbox"/> XL at \$12 each =	_____	catalog
Shriek 1.....	<input type="checkbox"/> M	<input type="checkbox"/> L	<input type="checkbox"/> XL at \$12 each =	_____	of horror
Year of the Zombie.....	<input type="checkbox"/> M	<input type="checkbox"/> L	<input type="checkbox"/> XL at \$13 each =	_____	shirts,
Night of the Living Dead...	<input type="checkbox"/> M	<input type="checkbox"/> L	<input type="checkbox"/> XL at \$15 each =	_____	books,
Postage and handling (sorry, no foreign or P.O. boxes)				_____ 5.00	videos
			Total	_____	and
					more!

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# CAUGHT!

Ahem! er, Monster of Frankenstein, this court has reached a final verdict.



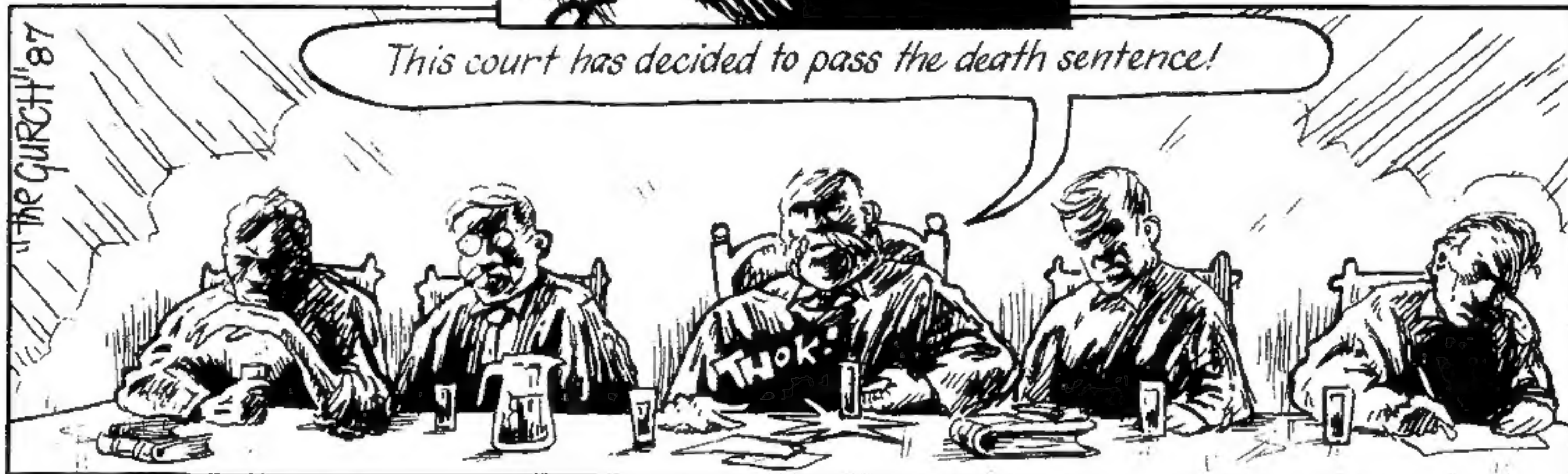
...and for crimes too perverse to mention finds you...

## GUILTY!

Even in full view of the fact that your life your life seems to be fading...



This court has decided to pass the death sentence!



Tomorrow morning you shall face death on the electric chair!



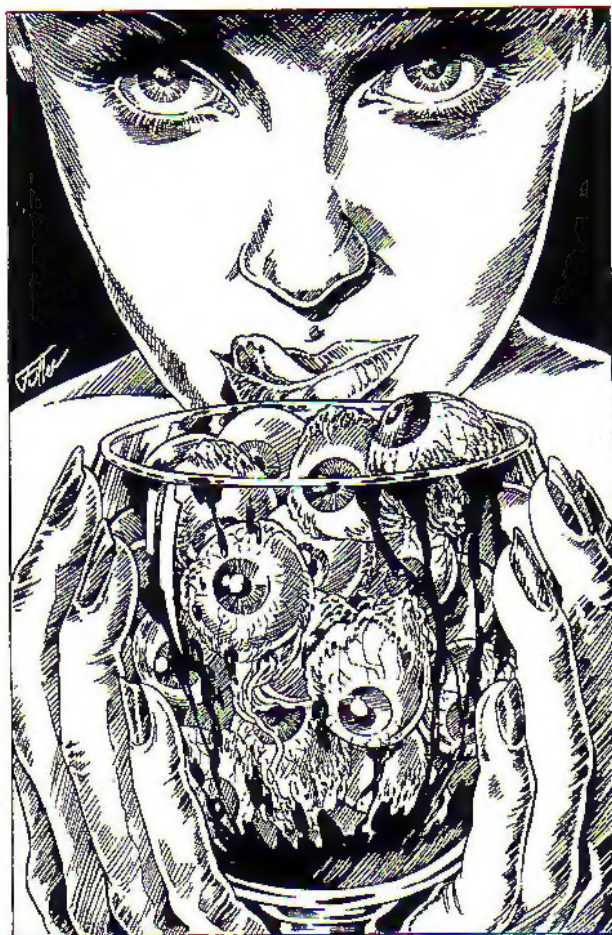
Take him away!



### THE END....???!!!



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